

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Jim's Little Business Men

LAWRENCE LUCEY

So Catholics Should Be Neutral!

OWEN B. McGUIRE

The Story of Marriage

HILAIRE BELLOC

Czechoslovakia and the Church

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War Refugees in Hunan

REGINALD ARLISS, C.P.

When East Meets East

FRANCIS H. SIBSON

Birth Control's Old Fashioned

CHARLES R. ROSENBERG

SEPTEMBER, 1938



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REFUGEES

YOUR HEART WOULD ACHE!

Indeed none of us could steel ourselves against such sights of misery. An old lady and a young child, both with the stunned gaze of tragedy and shock in their eyes, flee from the war zone.

Few of the homeless, hungry men, women and children who have fled to Hunan from the horrors of war ride to temporary safety. They come, most of them, on foot.

It is for their relief that we make an urgent appeal. Please read the Editor's Letter (page 67) in this issue and Fr. Reginald Arliss' account (page 93).

Send what you can—NOW—to help our Priests and Sisters relieve these victims of the war, to:

The Hunan Relief Fund

THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

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PERSONAL MENTION



Rev. John P. McCaffrey

• **FATHER JOHN P. McCAFFREY** was educated by the Jesuits at St. Francis Xavier High School, New York City, and Fordham University. He has been Chaplain at Sing Sing Prison since October, 1924. Since 1926 he has taught Social Psychology and Criminal Psychology at the Fordham School of Social Service. He occupied the office of President of the Chaplains' Association of the American Prison Association in 1933, and in 1932 was President of the Chap-

lains' Association of the institutions of New York State. To this issue he contributes *Is Crime Disease?*

• **REV. JAMES A. MAGNER, PH.D.**, author of *Modern Social Service*, is Professor of English and Italian at Quigley Preparatory Seminary, Chicago. He is an advisory editor of the *Catholic Historical Review*, and frequent contributor to various publications.

He is a member of the first class of St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, Mundelein, and took post-graduate work in Rome, receiving the degree of Doctor in Philosophy and in Sacred Theology. He has been active in adult education and study club projects, and is now organizing the Charles Carroll Forum of Chicago, a city-wide foundation. He is a member of the Executive Committee of the National Catholic Alumni Federation, and Guest Master of the Chicago Medievalists.

• **MR. E. FRANCIS McDEVITT**, author of *Sad Man at Sea*, began writing in college, making first contributions to Catholic magazines before graduating. He has written nearly one hundred short stories for American Catholic magazines and newspapers and has written fiction and non-fiction for several secular magazines. He is the author of several one-act and full-length plays, six of which have been published. The Catholic Association for International Peace published *Argentina—Land of the Eucharistic Congress*, one of the many pamphlets on Latin American affairs which have come from his pen.



E. Francis McDevitt

Upon his graduation from college, Mr. McDevitt became associated

with Long Island weekly newspapers as editor and writer—later joining the staff of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. He has subsequently served in various capacities—copy editor, feature writer, staff contributor—to the *Eagle Sunday Magazine*. At present he is associated with N. C. W. C. News Service headquarters in Washington, D. C.

• **FATHER EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B., PH.D.**, is a lecturer at the School of Social Sciences at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. He is Executive Secretary for rural interests of the Parish Credit Union National Committee. His work in this capacity has supplemented theoretical knowledge with practical experience, so that he is undoubtedly an outstanding authority on credit unions. It is on this subject that he writes in *Beating the Loan Shark*.

Father Schmiedeler was born at Kansas City in 1892. He made his college studies at St. Benedict's, Atchison, Kansas, and his theological studies at St. Vincent's Seminary, Latrobe, Pa. He did graduate work at Notre



Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B.

Dame, Harvard and the Catholic University, from which latter institution he has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Since 1931 he has been Director of the Rural Life Bureau and Family Life Section of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is editor of *Readings on the Family*, associate editor of the *Catholic Family Monthly*, and author of

A Better Rural Life and a great many other works.

• **DANUBICUS** is the pen name of a Professor of Modern European History at an American university. While the press has been flooded with a great variety of articles on various aspects of the Czechoslovakian situation, there has been little or nothing on its religious aspects and background. This need is supplied in *Czechoslovakia and the Church*, an article which is enhanced in value by a map drawn by one of THE SIGN artists, Mr. Paul Grout.

• **REV. OWEN FRANCIS DUDLEY**, author of such well-known books as *The Masterful Monk*, *Shadow on the Earth*, *Pageant of Life*, etc., is at present in this country on his first visit to America and is available for lectures through the Catholic Lecture League at 415 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Father Dudley will contribute an article to the October issue of THE SIGN. He is but one of many famous writers who will grace the pages of forthcoming issues.

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



Backwash of the Chinese War

PUSHED to the inside pages of our daily papers and taken out of the headlines, the undeclared war in China nevertheless continues with unabated ferocity. The heroism and charity of those missionaries who have been in the actual zone of fighting have received the grateful recognition of the Chinese government and the Chinese people. Once again a nation in its hour of need has been able to count on the Church as a friend.

In midmost China lies Hunan, last of the eighteen provinces to open its doors to Westerners. And in northwest Hunan, ringed and criss-crossed by forbidding mountains, is the Vicariate of Yüanling—Mission field of the American Passionist Fathers, the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Although they are several hundred miles behind the present battle-lines, the people of our district have not been unaware of the war. Mounting prices, commandeered busses, the storage of munitions and supplies, the tramp of tens of thousands of men on their way to the Front, the news of native sons fallen in battle—all have aroused the people to the realization that the struggle creeps nearer to them.

FIRST came the news that Changsha, the provincial capital of Hunan, had been bombed. Schools and some government officials then moved to Yüanling—city of our central Mission. Wounded soldiers and refugees began to trickle in. Cholera came to scourge the populace. Dispensaries were overcrowded and new demands were made on our missionaries.

Now, from the latest letters received, we learn that the trickle of wounded and homeless and destitute has swollen into a stream of helpless humanity. Men and women and children wander aimlessly about the crowded, narrow streets. Disease spreads. The hungry cry for food, the homeless for shelter. Neglected wounds speak of inadequate attention for the victims of battle.

So does the backwash of the war spread itself over our district. Fr. Reginald Arliss, C. P., describing in this issue his trip to Hankow (p. 93) tells of the moving sights he witnessed at Changsha:

"Would that I could picture to you the heart-rending scene that met us at the railroad station. The rest-rooms, the platforms, the cross-bridge were crowded with the most pathetic specimens of humanity that one is ever likely to see. Bombs, grenades, belching cannon, flaming homes, ruined crops were reflected in those tear-furrowed faces. They were mortals in whose hearts all hope was dead. And there can be no plight more terrible than that. Mingled in the crowd, lying on the pavement, were soldiers whose neglected wounds made the air noisome; ragged,

half-starved children ran hither and thither, totally unconscious of their blighted future."

Sister Finan, of the Sisters of Charity, writes: "The atmosphere is tense here. Yüanling is swarming with refugees, most of them sick, some of them pitifully in want. We are never without visitors, for the refugees roam the streets aimlessly, not knowing what to do for themselves. Your heart would ache for them."

Bishop Cuthbert O'Garra, C. P., reports: "Our territory is being flooded by refugees and wounded."

BEFORE further letters can arrive from our missionaries in Hunan the situation will have become more critical. It is believed by many close to the scene that the biggest battles of the war may be fought in the mountains of our district.

Whatever may be the course of the war, there is now an urgent need for funds to relieve the appalling misery which literally sits at the doors and enters the homes of our missionaries. They cannot turn away from it. They would not, even if they could. For the charity of Christ urges them to unselfish service.

We have refrained from putting this appeal before our readers, but we cannot withhold it longer. Homeless orphans and adults must be sheltered, the wounded cared for, the sick treated, the hungry fed. The doors of mercy must not be shut in the face of those who are powerless to help themselves. Twice, during the seventeen years history of our missions in Hunan, famine swept through our territory. In the presence of such heart-rending misery our missionaries turned to the subscribers of *The Sign* for help. That appeal was not in vain. Only God can reckon the amount of spiritual good which came from the physical relief given them.

NOW, unless they are to abandon their primary work of instructing catechumens and shepherding their Catholic flocks, our missionaries cannot handle the present overwhelming situation with the money they have on hand. The present misery is growing to such proportions that extraordinary measures will have to be taken at once to meet it.

We ask the prompt and generous assistance of our readers in this time of distress.

May we count on you for generous and prompt assistance that our priests and Sisters may do the task before them for the glory of Christ and His Church?

Father Theophane Maguire C.P.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• **SEPTEMBER** brings again to the attention of parents and guardians the question of what kind of education they shall provide for their children. Catholic parents

Religious and Moral Training

know, or ought to know, that it is their grave duty to furnish them with a religious and moral training. Canon 1113 says: "Parents are under a most grave obligation to see to the religious and moral training of their children, as well as to their physical and civic education, as far as they can, and moreover to provide for their temporal well-being." Canon 1374 forbids Catholic children, to frequent non-Catholic or mixed schools, that is such as are open to non-Catholics. These latter embrace our public schools. It is for the local Ordinary to decide, according to the instructions of the Holy See, in what circumstances and with what precautions attendance at such schools may be tolerated without danger of perversion to the pupils. Canon 199 of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore is in harmony with the above Canon.

The Church desires not only that Catholic children should be instructed in secular subjects, so as to prepare them for civil life, but principally that they should be trained in religion and good morals for living the Christian life, which means the life of divine grace in this world and eternal life in the next. A child is not merely a person with a mind to be instructed. It also has a will to be trained. The development of the mind without the training of the will is a snare and a delusion. It is not sufficient to know one's duty. One must have the moral power to do it.

Horace Mann, the father of our common school system, labored under the delusion that secular education, from which religious training was completely divorced, would be the most powerful means of insuring public morality. Look at the record! We are the most immoral nation on earth. If human beings were so constituted that the formation of the mind alone with secular knowledge would guarantee sound moral conduct, the public school system would be justified. But we are not so constituted. One has only to consult his own experience for the proof of this.

The Catholic plan of education is more rational and certainly more Christian. We are not simply citizens of an earthly city but we are also creatures of God with a heavenly destiny. The end specifies the means to be used in order to achieve our goal. This means that we must be trained as Christians as well as citizens. The aim of Catholic education, says Pope Pius XI, "is to cooperate with divine grace in forming the true and perfect Christian, that is to form Christ Himself in those regenerated by Baptism." Children need not only to be fitted to take their place in civil society, but they also need above all to be trained to live as servants of God and heirs of Heaven. They must not only know how "to make a living," but also how to *live*. True life is the life of divine charity, the life of divine grace. Christian

education is the only effectual preparation for that life.

What the Church needs very much today is intelligent and active men and women of Catholic Action, who live the Catholic life and endeavor to spread the good odor of Jesus Christ everywhere. Like the Apostles their lives will be as salt preserving society from corruption. This kind of life can be led without neglecting one's duties to oneself, to family or society, but it will not be done unless one has been trained in religion and sound morals. Parents, then, should consider their part in this grave matter and act in accord with the will of the Church. If they provide their children with the education sanctioned by the Church, they can look to the future of their offspring with confidence. Such children will be not only good citizens, as experience proves, but also good Christians, which is more important.

• • •

• **RECENT** developments in the labor world have brought renewed charges of Communism against the C.I.O. Blanket indictments of the C.I.O. as a Communist

The C. I. O. and Communism

organization are, of course, taken by all thinking people with a generous grain of salt. But, as is sometimes the case in generalizations of this type, there is an element of truth mixed with a large proportion of error. That element of truth in the charge of Communism against the C.I.O. is sufficient, especially in the light of recent events, to give pause even to those who have wished well to the C.I.O. in its efforts to unionize the unskilled and semi-skilled workers in the mass industries.

The United Automobile Workers of America, favored child of the C.I.O. because of its phenomenal rise from a mere handful to a powerful union of 400,000 members in a short time, is threatened with disruption because of an internal struggle precipitated by President Homer L. Martin's effort to free this union from Communist domination. In this case there can be no doubt that out-and-out Communists have made a concerted, and to a certain extent successful, effort to dominate the union. Although they are an extremely small minority they have come very near to obtaining complete control of the U.A.W. and the struggle to oust them has very nearly wrecked the union.

On the west coast recently, local unions of ladies' garments, automobile, rubber and shoe workers left the city trade-union council, formed by Harry Bridges, west coast director of the C.I.O., because he is a follower of the Communist Party "line." These unions are forming a council of their own independent of the C.I.O. In this case it certainly cannot be said that the evidence derives from a biased source.

Mr. John P. Frey, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, testified recently before the Special

House Committee investigating un-American activities. As an official of the A. F. of L., hostile to the C.I.O., his testimony is naturally suspect. Some of those he accuses of Communism are not Communists nor do they follow the Communist "line." Mr. Frey presents facts, however, which are sufficient to convince any open-minded observer that the time has come for the C.I.O. to take a public and determined stand in the matter of Communism. Such a move would dispel the fear which is becoming increasingly widespread that the C.I.O. is permitting itself to be used as the Trojan horse by which Communism is introducing itself into the ranks of organized labor here in America.

• **APOLOGISTS** for the C.I.O. answer charges of Communism in the ranks of their affiliated unions by declaring that in their drive for members they do not

A Purge Badly Needed

ask prospective candidates whether they are Catholics or Protestants, Democrats, Republicans or Communists. All are welcome as long as they conform to union rules and cause no trouble. The result, naturally, is that there are Communists in the ranks of the C.I.O. unions just as there are Catholics and Democrats. The Communists—in theory at least—are supposed to leave their Communism outside when they enter a union. They enter, not as Communists but as workers in a particular industry.

Facts are weightier than theories, however, and the facts show that the theory has not worked out in practice. Communists have taken advantage of the tolerance shown them. The C.I.O. may not have sought the Communists, but the Communists have sought the C.I.O. They have done everything in their power to secure key positions in it and to make it their own. Their activities have become to the C.I.O. an element of discord within and of embarrassment without. They have been the cause of the violence and unlawful methods which have brought disrepute and ill-will to the C.I.O. and which have lost for it the support of public opinion in many sections. The sit-down strike and mass picketing used by C.I.O. unions were introduced by the Communists. As Mr. Frey well says in the testimony referred to above:

The sit-down strike and mass picketing have been used by the Communists in our country as a training camp in which Communists can become familiar with the tactics they are to apply when their revolutionary program is put into action. The sit-down strike and mass picketing have been used as front line trenches in which the mass revolutionists of the future are to receive experience and training to equip them for the day when the signal for revolution is given.

It is useless to point out that many of those accused of Communism are not members of the Communist Party. They follow the party "line" and are the more dangerous because of the fact that they too often succeed in concealing their boring from within.

Neither is the small number of Communists in a union to be taken as a sign of their weakness. Not only are there many unknown and unavowed Communists but their methods are such as to offset their numerical weakness. These are described by Louis Stark in *The New York Times*:

Communist "Factions" hold perpetual "Caucuses," decide upon the "line" they are to follow, and then enter the union halls to enlist the support of followers to their point of view. Thus a minority, actively in touch with leaders of the Communist Party who are interested in party objectives, may, it is said, exercise control of the union.

The C.I.O. is at present passing through a critical stage in its existence and it will serve not only its own cause well but that of all America if it acts quickly and energetically to rid itself of the Communist virus.

• **ITALY** may soon adopt a race policy which looks suspiciously like that of the Nazis and perhaps is even inspired by them. Ten anonymous Italian scientists,

New Italian Race Theory

working under the aegis of the Ministry of Popular Culture, have reached the momentous conclusion that Italians are "Aryan," whose "purely European character" must be preserved from contamination "by any extra-European race." Arnoldo Cortesi, Rome correspondent of *The New York Times*, says that "the official nature of this study and the great publicity given to it in the press leave small doubt that it will be adopted as a Fascist government policy." The Jews are singled out as the only population that has never been assimilated. In Italy, as in Germany, they will be considered as a racial enemy against whom the Italians are to be defended. No punitive measures against them are expressed, but in all likelihood they will be forthcoming. Although these scientists deny any intention of copying Germany, it is not unreasonable to suppose that some at least of the Nazi regulations will soon be formulated.

This new attitude of Italy is cause for grave concern. The Holy Father has uttered a strong disapproval of exaggerated racial doctrines and extreme nationalism, which are so fruitful in evils destructive of social intercourse and true brotherliness. The Pope's comment concerning Italy's aping of Germany has greatly irritated the Fascists and has drawn some sharp rejoinders.

Though the above statement about racial purity lacks some of the more sinister features of Nazi theory, the Jews have reason to fear that if it is adopted as a state policy it will be the beginning of intimidation and persecution in Italy where so far Jews have been treated with tolerance and even liberality.

• **IN** Italy, a country overwhelmingly Catholic—one Jew to every thousand, but 996.1 Catholics to every thousand of the population—there are 300 Jewish professors

Italy and the Jews

in colleges and institutions of higher learning. Jewish physicians enjoy privileges in some respects which are denied to Gentile doctors; e.g., German Jews have been allowed to practice freely on the strength of their German degree, a privilege denied to German Gentile doctors. There are no fewer than eleven Jewish generals in the army and probably an even higher number in other ranks. In the Italian Senate, whose members are appointed for life by the King, there are fourteen Jews, which is equal to five

per cent of the total. Many Jews have occupied high government posts before the World War and since the establishment of Fascism. There was a Jewish Mayor of Rome, Ernesto Nathan by name, whose record while in office was certainly no comfort to the dignity of the Holy Father. There is no reason for Jews to complain that there is discrimination against them in Italy according to this record.

Why, then, this insistence on racial purity for Italians, even to the extent of defending them from contamination by the Jews? One reason is given by an authoritative Italian spokesman. "The Jews," he said, "have in every country of the world, with their men and their means, formed the general staff of anti-Fascism." This is a charge which cannot be ignored. The Jews have raised such a howl of protest against "Fascist" nations that it is not surprising that Italy is taking concrete steps to meet the situation. A race theory which, though at the moment without the offensive features of the Nazis, but potentially inclusive of them, may be regarded as the official Italian answer to Jewish opposition to Fascism. All humane persons condemn the persecution of any people because of their race, but the Jews have managed to canalize the sympathy of such persons almost exclusively to themselves and at the same time have been singularly indifferent to the sufferings of other peoples. Constant attacks by them on Fascism, while remaining strangely silent about Bolshevism, may have brought about this counter-offensive by Italy.

• • •

• DURING the investigation of Communist activities by the New York Legislative Committee of which Senator John J. McNaboe was chairman, Earl Browder, General

U. S. Communists' Link with Moscow

Secretary and spokesman of the Communist Party in the United States, was asked by the chairman: "Is that part of the Communist Party

which exists in the United States part and parcel of the Communist International in Moscow, a worldwide organization looking to the teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin?" "That is correct," Browder replied.

Senator McNaboe then produced a copy of the constitution of the International and read from it: "This says you are required to 'abide' by any decisions of the Communist International."

"The decision is binding here only when the Communist party of the United States has acted upon it," said Mr. Browder.

"Do you mean to tell us that you may veto a decision of the International?"

"That is correct."

"Have you ever vetoed one?"

"Everything we ever had to pass upon," replied Mr. Browder, "we agreed with."

This is a neat statement by Mr. Browder. Theoretically the United States Communist party has the power to make its own decisions, even in opposition to Moscow's, but—this is very significant—*every decision of the Communists here has been in agreement with the policy of Moscow.* There must be a wonderful unity of mind between the two, like "two hearts that beat as one." Such unity is truly remarkable—and significant.

In a statement prepared for the press during the investigation, Mr. Browder went further in protesting independence of Moscow. "The Communist party [in the U. S.] makes its own decisions; it has never received any orders from Moscow or anywhere else, and if it did

receive any such orders it would throw them in the wastebasket."

A veritable Declaration of Independence! It would be interesting to see what would actually happen to Mr. Earl Browder were he to "throw them in the wastebasket." Has he received a special dispensation from Stalin to play a part? Credence to such protestations should not be given lightly. Truth in Communist "ideology" is merely a bourgeois virtue. It is well to be reminded at this time that Communists are known to have great reliance on "tactics."

• • •

• SINCE "tactics" play a very large part in Communist activity, our readers will be interested to recall something about them. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen contributed an enlightening article on this subject to the

Tactics of Communists

November 1936 issue of THE SIGN. It has been published as a pamphlet by The Paulist Press and sells for five cents. It should be obtained and read, for it shows how to evaluate such statements as those made by Comrade Browder. Here are a few questions, and answers which bear on them.

"Q. What does the official organ of the Executive Committee of the Communist International say of those who say they take no orders from Moscow?"

"A. 'Those who say we do not take orders from Moscow are against the proletarian state. It proves they are allied to the bourgeoisie . . . and are the enemy of the proletariat class . . . To receive orders from Moscow, as Dimitroff said, is to follow the example of Lenin and Stalin.' (International Communist, French ed. Aug. 5, 1935.)

"Q. How can Earl Browder be a *bona fide* member of the International Communist party and act as chairman at its International Congress and still say he takes no orders from Moscow?"

"A. There is nothing to prevent him from saying it." (Read that again.)

"Q. Is the goal of American Communism different from the goal of International Communism?"

"A. No, in both the goal is the establishment of the proletarian dictatorship by revolution. 'In the revolutionary situation the Communist party . . . wins some of the armed forces to its side and leads the effective majority of the population to the seizure of state power . . . Above all they need the armed forces.' (Earl Browder, *What is Communism*, pp. 164, 165.)

"Q. Do the new tactics mean that Communism has forgotten its revolutionary goal and that it has given way to peaceful means or the continuation of American institutions?"

"A. No. 'Only downright scoundrels and hopeless idiots can think that by means of the United Front tactics Communism is capitulating to Social Democracy.' (D. Z. Manulsky, *The Work of the Seventh Congress*, p. 59.)"

The above information enables us to judge of Earl Browder's pledge to support "any or all institutions of American Democracy whereby the majority of the American people have obtained power to determine their own destiny to any degree."

One more quotation from Msgr. Sheen's article.

"How did Our Blessed Lord warn the world against such tactics?"

"Beware of false prophets who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." (Matt. 7:15.)

Jim's Little Business Men

At Present We Have One Million Little Business Men Without a Business and Twelve Million Idle Hands Waiting For the One Million To Put Them To Work

By LAWRENCE LUCEY

OLD JIM is an odd fellow. He lives in a white house with scarlet roses climbing over it that are a pretty sight when they blossom in June. Jim is seventy-six now and as spry as a colt. He is as financially secure as anyone in these troubled days for he has an insurance annuity that comes to him every month. He does the house chores for an hour in the morning; from early spring to late fall his rose bushes get his daily attention, and he spends the rest of the day reading papers and magazines and books—heavy stuff. Some seekers of information go to a library for illusive facts but lately I have found myself walking in the direction of Jim's white house when questions that I cannot answer hound me.

Half way down Jim's block I spied him. His arms were filled with dead rosewood and he was bringing it to the rubbish heap at the curb. It was good to see him. He had worked hard all his life up to his sixty-fifth birthday when he retired on the insurance annuity. For eleven years he had been living the old age he had promised himself and had been working for since he was a sapling of thirty. He was enjoying every second of his last years on earth. He was not a financial burden on his children nor was he a drag on the community.

"Smoke, Jim?" I asked while offering him a cigarette I knew he would not take.

"Come up on the porch, son, and I'll get my pipe and blow some real smoke in your direction."

On the porch his brown fingers nimbly took tobacco from his pouch and packed it into his soot-black briar. A few lip-smacking puffs and his pipe was under control.

"Son, you've got that jittery forlorn look that everyone seems to be wearing these days. I suppose you want to talk about the depression or recession or deflation or some other fancy word for what we used to call a 'panic.' Why, I've been reading

that folks have become so polite and ticklish on this subject that some radio stations won't let their speakers use the mild words 'depression' or 'recession' any more."

"Jim," I said while making a mental note to try a pipe for a change, "your panics were not as bad as this one. Then most families had their own homes and a garden so that they were certain of a place to sleep and food to eat while they weren't working. Now the thirteen million unemployed have nothing to fall back on and when the government gives them relief it increases the tax burden or adds to the public debt and makes the economic condition a bit worse."

"Son, you're wrong when you say we have thirteen million unemployed. We have no such thing. What we have is one million little business men without a business and twelve million idle hands waiting for the one million to put them to work."

I toyed with the thought of one

million little business men without a business. It did not make sense.

"Are you not," I asked, "merely using different words like 'panic' for 'recession' to describe the same condition?"

"No sir!" Jim was in dead earnest now. "When a man needs an income there are two things he can do. He can start a business of his own or get a job working for someone else. Now no matter how hard up for cash a man is his only hope is a job; he has no desire to start his own business and make work for himself."

"But little business hasn't a ghost of a chance today. How could these million little business men you speak of compete with big industries?"

"If you are right son, and I hope and believe you aren't, then this nation will walk the same gangplank that Russia and Germany did. Both Russia and Germany would be democracies today had they been able to solve their economic problems under the democratic régimes that were over-

Wise old "Jim" suggests a way of reducing the long lines of unemployed.

ACME PHOTO

thrown in favor of dictatorships."

"Most of the thirteen million people without work will never be employed by the industries already in existence for they have almost as much help as they need at present. Of course, a boom period like 1929 or early 1937 will put a lot of these men to work, but millions of them will still be left high and dry. There was something like three million unemployed just before the crash, while about eight million were without work in early 1937. There is only one way out and that means a million new little businesses."

Jim had warmed up to his topic now and needed no more prodding from my questions. I kept silent until he bundled his next thought into words.

"I suppose I told you before that I never worked for a wage for one day in my whole life. When I was sixteen I wanted some money and there wasn't a job in sight. I started a little egg business. I found people willing to pay for eggs and I found a farmer willing to sell them to me. The farmer gave me credit for a week and after paying him I pocketed a profit of two dollars. From then until I retired I was always the owner of a little business. I had my ups and downs but I never was a wage worker."

I had read something by Hilaire Belloc in a magazine on the small owner and I wondered if Jim had seen it. He had. What was more, he had clipped a part of it and was ransacking his pockets for the clipping.

"This man Belloc," opined Jim, "is almost as old as I am and he has lived long enough to know what is wrong with the world. Here is what he says about the little business man."

Jim read from Belloc's piece:

"Now this small owner, a typical citizen of a free and contented state, is rapidly disappearing under our evil modern conditions. He is being changed from a free man into a man only half free: a proletarian wage-worker. That is the central social misfortune of our time."

THOUGH I had read this Belloc article I had not sucked the meaning from it that Jim had. When I stopped to think about it I could see that a wage-worker, because he depends for his necessities on his employer, is only half free. If his employer is dishonest or greedy or stupid then the worker suffers for his employer's sins. He has not the same freedom as the owner of a small business who is his own boss.

"When this country was started," continued Jim, "about the only people who worked for someone other than themselves were children, black slaves, and for a short time, white indentured slaves. Almost every free man owned a farm or a store or a work shop and was his own lord and master."

There was no use in questioning Jim's history, for he would get books from his library and quote from half a dozen authorities to prove his point.

WHEN I was a young man there were more people working for a wage than in the horse-and-buggy days. But these workers had a different attitude from our present wage-workers. These workers were mostly young men who took a job in order to learn a trade so that with a few years of experience they would be able to start their own business. They were apprentices."

It would be foolish for me to dispute with Jim about conditions when he was young, for he had first-hand information that was much more reliable than my hearsay knowledge.

"Today," and Jim bit his pipe and wrinkled his face into a scowl, "all people want is a job. If industry can't hire them then they look for a government berth. The highest ambition entertained by the young is to become the ninety-second vice-president of Colossal Incorporated. The ninety-second vice-president of Colossal Incorporated is looked up to in the community as a shining success while the little merchant or bulder or plumbing contractor, who if given half a chance will make more money and produce more wealth than the ninety-second vice-president ever will, is a ninny."

"But," I purred, for I feared Jim might explode and injure his health, "big business made this nation the most prosperous country in the world. It was so successful up to 1929 that Russia employed American engineers and copied our mass production methods and made them a part of her Communist State."

"Very true but very false. Little businesses like Ford's original plant and the others, by growing into big businesses, made this a prosperous country. Most big businesses have matured so that they will not grow much larger and consequently will not be able to employ those who are idle. What we need are other little Ford plants that will expand and grow and make this country prosperous once more."

"Then," I queried while Jim was drawing his breath, "you are inter-

ested in little business only as a seed for producing big business."

Jim laughed at my naïve question.

"The Bible tells of the sower who planted seed plentifully and because some fell on rocks and others fell among thorns only a tiny portion of it grew to full-sized plants. To get one big business you must plant a million and one seeds. I am interested in all these seeds. The million by producing little plants serve the community well by nourishing fully free men and the big business gives jobs to those unable or unwilling to start their own business."

Jim frequently in the past had called my pet notions schoolmarm theories that only lived in the congenial environment of books. Here was my chance to turn the tables on him.

"Can't you see that it is almost impossible for a man without much capital to start a little business and compete with rich concerns that have specialists in every field working for them. Your little business utopia is cute but as impractical now as the spinning wheel."

I could see that my thrust had boomeranged for Jim was chuckling and slapping his knee and perking up like a kitten before a bowl of milk.

"You are convinced now of the need for a million little business men. That's progress. Instead of thirteen million unemployed we have one million little business men without a business and twelve million workers waiting for these little business men to hire them."

My silence admitted that Jim's division of idle workers was more than a play on words. His view of one million little business men without a business was the beginning of an economic philosophy radically different from the accepted belief of thirteen million unemployed.

"We must now move from the idea stage to blueprints and get down to brass tacks," said Jim as his smile melted into a serious mood. "The first thing to do is convince the unemployed that there is little room for them in our present industries and the way out is a million new businesses. We must tell them why the little business man is more important than the wage earner. He is a free man whose income depends on his own ability and not on the generosity of his employer or the strength of his union or government wage law. The desire to own a business must be implanted in the hearts of a million idle men."

That, I knew, would not be difficult

for the unemployed want an income, and money that came to them under the name of "profits" would be just as welcome as money labeled "wages."

"Next we must prepare and fertilize the soil in which these million business seeds are to be planted. We have to get the public, the potential customers of these businesses, interested in their success. We must electrify the atmosphere with the wish to make these new ventures succeed. The public must be told that every little business seed means thirteen less men whom they have to support by taxes. Every new business means that we are one step further away from the threat of Communism or Fascism. Every new business means an increase in the national income and more purchasing power in the nation that will raise the income of the general public. Every new business means thirteen less unemployed who by increasing the available labor supply lower the wages of those fortunate enough to hold a job. We must get public opinion massed behind these business seeds as solidly as it was in back of the NRA parades of 1933."

An alert and aroused public opinion knowing that its welfare hinged on the success of these business seeds certainly would do all it could to help. Jim had something there.

"Government," and Jim was groping for words to build the next step in his ladder to prosperity, "has the power to make or break business. Early in our history we imported nearly all of our manufactured goods from England and other foreign nations. This was an unhealthy condition. The government by lending a hand with the protective tariff made it possible for our infant industries to get a foothold. These tiny industries would never have been able to compete with the established foreign concerns were they not given a handicap like a novice runner is granted when he meets an outstanding racer."

Jim was circling the barrier placed before a new business that tries to compete with a giant industry.

"The government can help these business seeds by watering them with government contracts. When the Federal, state or local governments need work done it can give these new little business men a preference just as civil service commissions grant war veterans a preference. These three types of governments can exempt these new businesses from various taxes so that

they will have a handicap on established concerns."

Jim was on solid ground there. Our first railroads and subways had been given free land and subsidies by the government. American shipping had been encouraged by mail contracts and even today is subsidized. The West was developed when the government gave the first settlers free land. Shortly after the World War New York City was in dire need of more houses, so it stimulated building and home buying by exempting new houses from the land tax for ten years.

"Next," Jim said after waiting in vain for an objection from me, "the Federal government should establish a Little Business Department that will do for these business seeds what the Department of Labor does for labor and the Department of Agriculture does for the farmer."

"So far, so good, Jim, but little business needs capital to finance it and the banks are reluctant to lend it to them. This was the main complaint that emerged from the little business men's meeting in Washington and it was acknowledged by a spokesman for the Federal Reserve Bank."

"Credit is the first item that should be placed on the list of the Department of Little Business. The banks realize they were pulled out of bankruptcy in 1933 by the government and they ought to return the favor now by advancing loans to these little business seeds. Besides, the money deposited in banks belongs to the people of the nation and the banks should be told in no uncertain terms by their customers to extend credit to these business seeds."

Day's End

By SHIRLEY DILLON WAITE

Along the lake's white length there lay
The mirrored closing of a day
Whose sylvan peace and quietude
Hallowed the fringes of a wood.

Soon dusk erased the farther shore,
Then the quick dipping of an oar
Proclaimed by ever lessening sound
A weary boatman homeward bound.

Gold garments of the setting sun
Discarded as his hour was run,
Fell on the lake as if to show
How royally a day could go.

"Jim, you have a convert to your little business scheme in me, but I don't think big business or the press will care much for your way of pulling us out of the panic."

"Son, the older I get the more disgusted I become with those who shape the policies of our newspapers. Most of them in commenting on anything in the economic field ask themselves will this help or injure big business. If it squeezes big business in the least then they holler murder—if it helps they heap praise on it. About the only government bill the press favored lately was the amendment to the Federal Housing Administration because they thought it might help the manufacturers of building materials."

"About the best way to quiet the press is to sell this idea to some of the leaders of big business who have a lot more common sense than their editorial mouthpieces. Tell these men that by putting the unemployed to work in little businesses the tax burden of big business will be lowered. Again, when these little business men get on their feet they will buy all the goods big business can produce. If you can get some of the leading lights in big business to favor this plan by a public announcement the press won't dare criticize it."

I could see Jim was restless and anxious to get back to his garden.

"Son," he said, "I must plant my zinnia seeds now and stop sowing little business seeds."

A few doors from Jim's white house I turned and looked back and waved to him.

"If only," I muttered to myself, "that were the White House instead of Jim's white house."



Red Spanish soldiers manifest their irreligious sentiments by drinking from sacred vessels stolen by them from a church

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Seventeen years spent in Spain as well as two visits to that country since the beginning of hostilities give the author a vantage point from which to view the Spanish civil war, the causes that led up to it and the issues involved. It is no wonder then that he reacts vigorously to an attempt to convince Catholics that they may choose either side or be neutral in the face of this Communist effort to destroy Christianity.

So Catholics Should Be Neutral!

By OWEN B. McGUIRE

OF THE late Lord Acton someone has written that he carried the history of Europe in his head and brought it with him to the grave: that it will remain forever impossible, if another such genius does not arise, to reconstruct it on the clear lines of factual evidence and philosophical sequence of cause and effect as they existed in his head. A passage in his *Lectures on the French Revolution* has been often quoted: "The appalling thing in the French Revolution is not the tumult but the design."

In the fulness of its truth that statement can be repeated of the Red Revolution in Spain. The tumult, the atrocities, have indeed been appalling. But if we consider these as isolated facts, as the spontaneous insurrection of an aggrieved working class and apart from a well-planned and directed design to reach an ultimate objective, then we can never understand what has happened and is happening in Spain. The objective was the establishment of a Soviet State for the whole Iberian Peninsula

(including Portugal). The design was planned by the Comintern. It was planned in Moscow. It was carried out in Spain under the direction and control of Russian agents, officially appointed by the Russian Government.

These are notorious facts. There is abundant evidence for them, even in the public declarations made at Moscow and Madrid. The program has been carried out wherever the Reds have had control in Spain and time to put the "design" into execution. The first item on the program of that design was the destruction of the Catholic Church in Spain—in all Spain.

This has been accomplished in that part of Spain where the Red Government has had control and has been able to carry out the design. In that part of Spain the Catholic Church has ceased to exist since July 1936. The fury and destruction have been more appalling and Satanic in Spain than they were in England at the time of the Reformation. As the Holy

Father shows in his Encyclical On *Atheistic Communism*, the hatred, the fury, the avowed design of this new form of Antichrist, against God's Church and against God Himself, have no parallel in the history of the human race.

The most amazing fact in respect to the conflict in Spain is that in America there are still some Catholics, and among them some Catholic publicists, professed makers and moulders of public opinion, who, in spite of what has been happening in Spain for the past three years, cannot yet make up their minds as to which party to the conflict deserves our sympathy and support. We are told that "there is an active civil war fought by both sides in order to achieve, from the point of view of each political group, a better social order."

THEN, the purpose of Atheistic Russian Communism, and of Spanish Communism trained and organized by the Russian, avowing from the

beginning of the conflict that its ultimate objective is a Union of Soviets for the whole Iberian Peninsula after the model of the Russian Union, "is to achieve a better social order!" At least, that is their "point of view"—and we are advised to give them credit for it. We must practice "a positive impartiality." If they tell us their objective is "to achieve a better social order," we should not question their sincerity! If they tell us, as their leaders have repeatedly done for the past three years, that *the means* "to achieve a better social order" is to set up an Atheistic Communist State, a Union of Soviet Republics for the whole Iberian Peninsula—what then?

WELL, we must still practice "a positive impartiality." The reason is clear. "The facts are obscure." One section of the American public has been convinced that Franco is a Fascist. Hence, "in the United States the practical effect of being unreservedly and uncritically pro-Nationalist, is to seem to one's fellow Americans pro-Fascist."

To be labeled Fascist by a section of one's fellow Americans is something that must be avoided at all costs. It should be remembered, however, that we have been subjected to more opprobrious epithets in the past, and even now. To believe in and to practice the Catholic religion, to be Catholics at all, to obey "the Old Man in the Vatican," to believe in the Mass, these and many other things "seem to a section of one's fellow Americans" sufficient reason to justify calling us "reactionaries," "medievalists," "slaves," "disloyal citizens," "idolators." But our Catholic forbears bore the opprobrium of such epithets without recurring for relief to "a positive impartiality."

It

is amazing. It is undoubtedly causing confusion and pain in the minds of many simple Catholics who look for light and leading in this hysterical turmoil and see called in question or repudiated, at least implicitly, the reliability of the Catholic press—practically unanimous on this subject—the authentic testimony of the whole Spanish Hierarchy and of the Holy Father himself. And what are the reasons adduced for recommending to the Catholics of America this attitude of "positive impartiality"?

The reasons advanced are many. But they can be reduced to one! Our ignorance of the facts. "The facts are obscure." But what facts?

There are two facts absolutely certain. One is admitted by the advocates of this attitude of "positive impartiality." The Nationalist Government, they write, "gives the Church open support." The other fact is that the Red Government has destroyed the Church where it could, and will destroy the Church in the rest of Spain, if it can. A knowledge of these two facts, which are notorious, which cannot be denied and have not been denied, should be sufficient for any Catholic, in America or elsewhere, to see that he cannot be "positively impartial" or "absolutely neutral." The information available on these two facts is *not* "so generally characterized by propaganda that we do not have any sufficient knowledge of the whole situation."

The truth is that these two facts are the whole situation. Hence it does not matter, if "two reports on a single

event emanating from opposing camps will be in complete contradiction to each other." Nor does it matter, even if it were true—which I deny—that many of its (the National Government's) leaders "give utterance to totalitarian views very similar to those which have been condemned by the Church in other countries." There are leaders in both the major parties in the United States who have given utterance to views which no Catholic can accept and which are daily condemned by eminent Catholics. It does not follow that Catholics cannot support either party.

In our own civil war there were many "single events" of which the reports were "in complete contradiction"; and in the course of the war there were "facts," even on the Union side, which could hardly be approved even in war. But these things did not affect the main issue, which was in fact the only issue that caused the war—the maintenance of the Union.

HENCE Catholics and their leaders who saw that and believed in maintaining the Union did not advise turning the other cheek, nor recurring to prayer alone, nor quoting isolated passages of Scripture to show that if Christ were then in America He would have advised Catholics, as He did Peter in the Garden of



Nationalist soldiers celebrating the delivery of Iron by pious attendance at an open air celebration of the Mass.

EUROPEAN PHOTO

Gethsemane, "to sheath the sword."

Catholics then "hoped for peace (and prayed for peace), and hoped for the opportunity to comment on the better problems which peace proposes." But they knew also that Christ did not leave us to speculate in doubt as to the meaning of isolated passages of Scripture. That kind of doctrine came fifteen centuries later. Catholics had then, as they have now, a tradition of nineteen centuries. They had, as they have now, an infallible authority on moral questions, such as the right of people to wage a just war. They had then, as they have now, the *Philosophia perennis* and its interpretation under the guidance of the infallible authority by the great masters of nineteen centuries. (Maritain was not yet born, nor Miss Barclay Carter, nor had pacifism yet been heard of, as the only policy for sincere Catholics.)

WE SHOULD, therefore, have clear ideas of what is really at stake in Spain, of what is the main issue.

The following facts are absolutely certain:

1) that the Communist revolution in Spain was planned in Russia;

2) that its objective was to set up an Atheistic Communist Union of Soviets in the whole Peninsula;

3) that the first item on its program was the total destruction of the Catholic Church in Spain, as the only form of religion or Christianity that mattered there;

4) that it was for this purpose Russia advised and dictated first the United Front (a union of all proletarian parties, including the Socialists with whom the Communists had hitherto been at war in Spain and elsewhere), and then the Popular Front when it was seen that the proletarian parties alone could not succeed or were not succeeding;

5) that within the Popular Front (in Spain) there were two alliances: one of the proletarians with the Left Wing Republicans, and another of the proletarian parties among themselves;

6) that these latter agreed among themselves, and publicly proclaimed their agreement before the elections (of Feb. 1936), in the elections and after the elections, that they would take no part, nor allow any of their leaders to take part, in the Government to be formed;

7) that the purpose of this agreement was to use the Republican Government as a "democratic" smoke-screen while they were creating the conditions (advised by Russia) to seize power themselves and implant the Soviet;

8) that in April, 1936, they believed the conditions had been created and it was time to act;

9) that in that month they sent out to every town and city of Spain "the program of action" which was to be carried out immediately on the day when the radio of Madrid flashed "Rise" to every corner of Spain. (The instructions did not fix the day, but named two dates, three weeks apart, between which the radio would flash the day);

10) that all this was known to the so-called Government, and to the Army Chiefs—those who were left of them;

11) that the Army Chiefs and the Civil Guard had loyally placed themselves at the service of the Government since February to put a stop to the advancing anarchy and restore order;

12) that when the so-called Government refused to employ the means by which order can be preserved or restored in any civilized country, the army chiefs saw that a revolt was the only hope for saving the country and the unarmed civil population. They saw it was a question of life or death for Spain, for civilized society as well as for the Catholic Church in Spain. Hence in May they sent out their own instructions of which they have never made any secret. They were published in January 1937, with the approbation of Franco, in a book by my friend Perez Madrigal, who was a Republican and member of the Lerroux party.

I have said all these facts are absolutely certain. To know them no one needs to go to Spain. They are all in the public record of events. At another time, if the Editors allow me, I will document them. But, as I have already intimated, it is not necessary for a Catholic to know the whole series of events that led up to the war and their logical sequence in order to know his present duty. It should be sufficient for him to read the joint letter of the Spanish Bishops. Are they propagandists and unreliable witnesses? Are they also to be classed with the "violent partisans," "distinguished more for (the) heat than for any light cast upon the significance of events?"

BUT there is authority higher than the Spanish Bishops. A non-Catholic once said to me, "I consider the Vatican the best-informed chancellery in Europe." The Holy Father does not speak to the world without knowing "the facts." Read his Encyclical *On Atheistic Communism*, paragraph 20, where he speaks of Spain. If he does not there place the

responsibility for what he describes on the so-called legitimate Government, then words have no meaning.

As the reader may not have the Encyclical at hand, here is the paragraph:

"Even where the scourge of Communism has not yet had time to exercise to the full its logical effect, as witness Our beloved Spain, it has, alas! found compensation in the fiercer violence of its attack. Not only this or that church or isolated monastery was sacked, but as far as possible every church and every monastery was destroyed. Every vestige of the Christian religion was eradicated, even though immediately linked with the rarest monuments of art and science. The fury of Communism has not confined itself to the indiscriminate slaughter of Bishops, of thousands of priests and religious of both sexes; it searches out above all those who have been devoting their lives to the welfare of the working class and the poor.

"But the majority of its victims have been the laymen of all conditions and classes. Even up to the present moment, masses of them are slain almost daily for no other offense than that they are good Christians, or at least opposed to Atheistic Communism; and this fearful destruction has been carried out with a hatred and a savage barbarity one would not have believed possible in our age. No man of good sense, nor any statesman conscious of his responsibility can fail to shudder at the thought that what is happening today in Spain may perhaps be repeated tomorrow in other civilized countries."

IN THE past three years I have read a good deal about Spain; but in nothing I have seen from "partisan propagandists . . . distinguished more for heat than for light," have I come across stronger language than that.

My many years—nearly half my life—spent in various countries on the Continent have convinced me that one of the best ways, perhaps the best way, to study any country, to understand a people and what happens among them, is to settle down in one place—it need not be a big place—and watch the daily passing show and listen to the native comments on what is happening. In such a place I had an opportunity to make observations in 1933 and again in 1937. My experience on both occasions, and the contrast between them, will underline much of what I have said above about the Russian influence in Spain. I think it will interest the reader for other reasons.

About the middle of the last century, the Irish Loretto Nuns went down to Gibraltar and opened there a boarding school for girls. Later they went to Castellejas, a village ten kilometers outside Seville. Subsequently they opened a day and boarding school in that city, another at Madrid and another at Zalla, a suburb of Bilbao.

Castellejas is a typical Andalusian village. It has a population of 3,500. When the Loretto Nuns arrived there in 1889 there was not a school of any kind in the place. From their hard-earned savings and from the help they received from Catholics who sent their children to the boarding school, these nuns built and maintained a free school for the children of the village. They also had night classes for working boys which some of the men attended. They had classes three times a week for working girls and mothers, in which these were taught not only to read and write, but also to keep house and run a home. In the long summer vacations, they went out to the countryside and to villages and carried on the same beneficent work.

In April, 1933, I spent a day at the Convent. I asked the Sister Superior if they had been molested when convents and churches were burned in Seville in May, 1931. "No," she answered, "When a band of Reds were seen coming up the hill from Seville, the whole village; men, women and children, turned out and seizing what weapons they could lay hands on drove them back down the hill to the city."

That was in 1931.

WHEN I spent a day there in September, 1937, the nuns had a different story to tell of what happened in 1936. When the Popular Front seized power in February, 1936—they did not win the elections—an "Inspector" arrived from Madrid and told them the school had to be closed. The law had to be obeyed. By the organic law of the Constitution of 1931, Religious Orders might not engage in teaching, and all schools must be *laicas*.

The nuns' "Irish" was up; and they had some traditional ideas of how to circumvent an unjust law. They divested themselves of their religious garb, put on civilian clothes, assumed their original family names and became Miss this and Miss that. They declared their school secular under British protection and hung out the Union Jack.

For the next five months, they could never tell when the "Inspector" would be announced, to see that the law was not evaded, that there was no religious

instruction and no religious emblems where the children could see them. At times he came twice or three times a day. There was a general feeling of tension and dread throughout the village, intensified by the manner in which the various Marxist groups, "Committees" they called themselves, were treating all who had not joined the Popular Front.

WHEN General Queipo de Llano, by a speedy and daring stroke, got control of Seville, he was informed by the faithful Civil Guard of what was brewing in Castellejas. He at once sent up a detachment of infantry who entered the town from the South, immediately surrounded the *Ayuntamiento* (Town Hall) and captured it. Before they could surround the village the two Russian ringleaders had escaped. In the *Ayuntamiento* they found the "manual of action" for Castellejas.

As I have already intimated, these instructions were general and for all Spain. The army found them in practically every town and village they captured before the Reds had time to destroy them. The originals are at Salamanca; and as I have already said (May) I have a photographic copy of them. The government to be set up was to be a Union of Soviets for all Spain. Caballero was to be president. A list was to be made of all those in any locality who were to be "liquidated" forthwith. This included all the leaders and politicians, Monarchical or Republican, who had not joined the Popular Front. Republicans who had been with the Popular Front in the elections but now refused to join up for the real revolution, were to be deported where they could offer no resistance. But for all who represented Religion no list was necessary. To make a successful Revolution, Religion had to be wiped out. Russia had shown that and the Russian Revolution was the model and successful one. There could, accordingly, be no sentimentality nor distinction between good and bad and not so good. Religion was the opiate. Its representatives were all, equally, the enemy. Bishops and priests, monks and nuns, whatever their past record, were all equally enemies.

In Castellejas, therefore, as in other places, there were found two classes of documents; these general instructions on how to make a real Revolution, and the lists which had to be drawn up in each locality. There was not a town in Spain where there were not one or more agents of Russia to see that these instructions were carried out.

What, therefore, did the Spanish

soldiers find in the *Ayuntamiento* of Castellejas when they liberated the village from the tyranny of these fiends? They found, of course, the general instructions for the "program of action." But they found also the list of the "enemies" in Castellejas. At the head of that list was the Convent to be burned, and the nuns to be "liquidated." And at the bottom of that list was the signature of the mayor, a native of the town, who, with his two sons, guns in hand, had helped to drive the Reds back to Seville in 1931. In five years he had learned how to make a successful Revolution *à la Russe*.

He had been a friend and beneficiary of the Convent. Had he lost entirely a sense of that outstanding Spanish virtue: gratitude? Or had he in the space of five years been transformed from an ordinary, though ignorant, Spaniard into a devil? Not exactly; and the Sister Superior corrected me when I made that suggestion. He had, she said, to choose between being shot as "a traitor to the Revolution" and putting his name to that document, consenting to the killing of his neighbors and friends; and the nuns, his benefactors.

IN SPITE of its advantages it is not necessary, however, to have lived in Spain or to have visited Spain in order to know what is the real issue there. I wrote that eighteen months ago in answer to one of my critics. In all that I have written on Spain in *THE SIGN* and elsewhere, I have used only such documentation and referred only to such facts as have been made public in such a way as to be available to any student of the problem living in America, even if he has never been in Spain and does not know the Spanish language. The question is too serious to be treated as a personal view, or as too complicated to enable one to arrive at a definite decision, or especially as a controversy where Catholics may choose either side or remain absolutely neutral.

If, from what has happened in Spain, we cannot learn or refuse to learn what Communism is in its essence; if we cannot learn how a relatively small minority—as the Communists certainly were in Spain up to 1935—can by organization, by deception, by propaganda, enlist in their work other parties who had no sympathy with essential Communism, by cloaking their real purpose and ultimate objectives until the time had come to strike; if we cannot learn these lessons from Spain, then we can never learn them elsewhere—until it is too late.

WHEN a rudder breaks, or the cargo shifts, or a steward gets fresh, the Captain of a ship knows what to do. But when a passenger informs you, coldly and without a blink, that he's planning to jump overboard, you've got a real problem.

That's what a fellow named Richard Eden announced to me one trip out in the middle of the Atlantic. He said: "I'm not taking this trip for my health, or business, or pleasure. I'm on this boat for the express purpose of going over that rail."

I had sauntered aft on the promenade deck when I saw Eden in a deck chair, hunched and motionless. He had the saddest face I had seen in twenty years at sea. My mind was made up. For the first time in the three days since the *Hector* left New York I wanted to speak to the thin young man. The frozen melancholy of his countenance was at first repellent. Suddenly, to me, it had become magnetic, challenging in its untempered dejection.

I paused opposite Eden and studied the western half of the horizon's circumference, shimmering in the morning brightness. But I was thinking of that pale mask behind me labelled by depression, despair, glazed hopelessness.

I hardly knew whether it was pity or curiosity that caused me to turn my head slightly and say at an angle: "Three days of this water and sky and you wonder why anybody wants to live on land."

That's when Eden disclosed the purpose of his trip.

I swung around fast, but his stony expression was unchanged in its glacial contemplation. A string of his hair stirred vaguely in the soft breeze. It was the only life about him.

"You know you wouldn't do that," I laughed, but not feeling so facetious.

"Maybe I won't," he came back. "I'm not so sure I have the nerve to

do it. So I guess you needn't worry."

"You seem to be having some time," I commented.

"Life is—hell—isn't it?"

"No," I disagreed promptly. "No hell ever had this sea and sky."

"Humph."

A soft pattering sounded at my feet and I leaned forward to snare the rubber ball that ambled crazily across the deck. My success gave rise to a ripple of childish laughter from a

"And there's no hell where there are kids like that," I went on.

Eden's gaze was following Jane down the deck. Then he closed his eyes.

"Kids are happy because they don't know what life has in store for them," he said after a while.

"Aren't we all kids who are happy because we don't know the future?" I laid my hand on his arm. I thought I knew his type by now. "Forget her," I suggested suddenly. "You'll find another. You fellows always do."

It was a blind stab, but Eden's eyelids flickered and I felt I had struck home.

"You're too young to let the loss of any girl get you down like this. You have your whole life ahead of you."

"That's what you think," Eden spit out.

"In two weeks you'll forget you ever saw her and begin to realize there are lots of things in this old world besides a girl who perhaps wasn't the paragon you thought her anyway."

SAD MAN

at SEA

By E. FRANCIS McDEVITT

Illustrated by PAUL GROUT

small girl running from amidships. Her eyes seemed moieties of the day's sky and her hair another and smaller sun at noon-day brilliance.

"That's my ball, Captain," the child disclosed breathlessly. "I hope it didn't hit you."

I shook my head. "No, and I had some good exercise catching it, Jane. And be careful that the next time it doesn't bounce overboard."

"Thank you," Jane said, and raced away forward.

Eden sprang up and I thought he was going to knock me down. The pain in his eyes was real. "Stop!" he pleaded. "Don't talk like that!"

"I'm sorry," I said, and added hurriedly: "Well, I guess I'll be moving along. I've work to do."

Jane came running toward me with a gleeful shout and I spread my arms to catch her as she dived at me.

"Be careful, Jane," I warned. "You can't run on a ship as you can at home. A good lurch of the ship and

suddenly over you go. No fun in doing that, is there?"

"I can swim, Captain," the girl announced proudly.

"Try it in the tank," I advised, looking back at Eden. He stared strangely at the child as I went up to the bridge.

I took the precaution to have Eden watched. I didn't want any suicides on my hands. I assigned a seaman to keep an eye on him and report to me several times a day.

He did so for two days, but apparently Eden hardly moved from his deck chair, except to go to his meals and to his room at night. I remembered his uncertainty about his own desperation and breathed more easily.

Three days later, after lunch, I was on the promenade deck again. Passengers, drowsy from the cradling of the ship, dozed in rows of deck chairs. Jane, bouncing her ball against the cabin, was the only thing I saw alive. Jane—and Eden.

Eden's stooped figure swung into view from the starboard side. Jane scampered past him and again that strange look spread across his face as he paused and watched the child run to the rail after her errant ball. A moment later he moved to the port rail. His right hand reached up and clutched a stanchion. He peered intently at the swirling foam pitched from the furrow made by the *Hector's* rooting prow. I walked quickly toward him.

"Don't tell me you're a victim of *mal de mer*," I greeted cheerily, and firmly drew him back.

"*Mal de terre*," he corrected sourly and walked toward the stern.

I shrugged my shoulders and walked forward. I had gone only a few steps when I heard Eden shout. I wheeled.

Eden was flinging his coat down and lurching toward the rail. Before I could move he went over and I was at the rail in time to see him hit below in a plume of spray.

"Passenger overboard!" I cried and set my lips to give orders.

But the instructions died in my throat. I had looked again into the green mass below. A chill shot through me.

There was another head out there, with yellow hair. And Eden swimming, struggling toward it.

I found my voice somehow. Then running feet pounded along the deck. Chairs clattered back against the cabin side. The husky cries of seamen were mingled with the strident voices of aroused passengers.

Soon they were ripping the canvas from the boat at Station 4. The *Hector* reared by the prow and stopped. But all the time I was gluing my eyes on the two dots

"Well, Captain," he said, "I really did it, didn't I?" His voice was weak, but there was lightness and color in it.



wriggling like amoebas in the green meadow of the sea.

The winches began to whine and the life boat swung by me, the lines singing as they slid through the tackle. Out in the *Hector's* fading wake I could still see the spots that had burned into my brain. Moment by moment the distance between them shortened as Eden lashed and butted the thick water. The boat slapped into the foam and the oarlocks jangled. Still I looked only astern.

The time bell clanged. To me the quarter hour it measured was a year of dying. But Eden was near. He rose up through a swell and writhed forward. A billow hid them and when it flattened I gasped: "He's reached her!"

The boat crawled toward them, although its oars were fanning fins. To it I yelled: "Lean on those oars, you lubbers!"

"Oh, God!" It was a woman's voice. Her moan droned in my ear: "Save my girl, save my girl—she's all I have—"

I reached out and grasped her arm



to quiet the sudden quivering of her body.

They were brought in twenty minutes later, wet and white, and with wan smiles. The woman flung herself at the boat as it dangled on the lines and wrapped herself about the girl. Eden they laid on the deck.

When I bent over him his eyes opened and his lips made a smiling slit in his brine-beaded face.

"Well, Captain," he said, "I really did it, didn't I?" His voice was weak, but there was lightness and color in it.

"Indeed you did," I replied.

"I mean—I did what I said I would—" He waited for his next breath. "Funny, isn't it? I took this trip to jump overboard and lose my life. Instead I saved another's."

I smiled down at him.

"And you said you didn't think you had the nerve to do it."

He shook his head. "Captain, it wasn't—wasn't nerve," he murmured. "You see—the girl I lost was—my little daughter. She was drowned two months ago—in the lily pool back of my home."

Novel Service

If you want to be reminded of your wife's birthday, a luncheon engagement, or the day of the week, Arthur Cremin, of New York, will jog your memory. He runs a public reminder office. Started by reminding pupils in his music school to practice. More than 600 clients now depend upon him. Women over forty, he says, are the most forgetful. One man paid to be reminded of his dentist appointments and then offered a double fee for the service to forget.

From the "American Magazine"

Chinese Pope

Years ago I asked a friend of mine how he thought things would shape out in the unknown future.

He was a man worth asking because of the little gray cells in his high dome.

"It's all cut and dried," he told me. "The Japanese will conquer the Chinese. The Chinese will absorb them after learning their technique. They will spread over the Western world. They will adopt Christianity. There will be a Chinese Pope in Rome."

Philip Gibbs in "Across the Frontiers"

The Proletariat

Because the proletariat works collectively in big modern factories, it insists on collectivizing everybody. Because it is forced to live in workers' barracks, it wants to make the same barracks the universal mode of habitation of the future. Because, as a result of being agglomerated in big masses, it is used to a certain promiscuity, it advocates community feelings for everybody else. Because it owns nothing, it means to build a world without ownership. Because it has ceased to depend on national traditions, it builds an international world.

Thierry Maulnier in "Pays Réel" from "The Tablet"

Strength and Weakness

Just as the Fascists owe their successes largely to their opposition to Communism, just so do the Liberal Democracies owe their present demoralization mainly to their tolerance of the same evil.

Lawrence Dennis in the "American Mercury"

Cure for Nerves

Men and women who have close contact with the earth are much less harassed and neurotic than men and women who walk upon the earth and never touch it.

Julian Meade in "Cosmopolitan"

Henlein an Apostate

Konrad Henlein, leader of the German Nazis in Czechoslovakia, formally left the Catholic Church and entered the Evangelical on January 25, 1926.

This information has come as a surprise to many Catholic followers who have asked him to be the godfather of their children.

From the "Catholic Herald," London

Scaring the Postman

We find that almost all postmen are honest—indeed, we have some wonderful friends among them. True, there is an occasional unfortunate who gets to putting his fingers into our envelopes.

A Detroit woman has found a way, she feels, to protect her gift. Within her letter when it reached us (untampered with, we should note) was a slip with the message: "Postman, if you steal this dollar, may God have mercy on your soul!"

From "The Field Afar"

The Story of Marriage

By Her Struggle For the Sanctity and Permanence of Marriage the Church Has Contributed to the Solidity of the Family Tie, Which is at the Base of our Civilization

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THE family is obviously based upon marriage. The institution of marriage presupposes the institution of the family and both institutions are one. When we say that marriage customs and marriage laws are to be found in all human societies whatsoever, that is the same as saying that in all human societies whatsoever, however eccentric, abnormal and exceptional their arrangement, the family is found.

To understand the family, therefore, one must know something about the story of marriage, and particularly of what our race, the white peoples, the western world from which we descend (which is sometimes called by the rather misleading terms of "Semitic," "Aryan," etc.) have made of the affair.

We have found everywhere, as the normal institution, monogamous marriage. The man and the woman and the children. But that arrangement has not been rigid. Until the Church came there was nothing specifically defined in the way of permanence, though permanence was, as a general rule, taken for granted. Important people, rulers and wealthy men, made exceptions for themselves and were allowed exceptions, but that does not prevent the fact that the general atmosphere of monogamy, underlying the tradition of marriage, is everywhere discovered among us. Leaders, chieftains and wealthy men, the greater owners of flocks and herds among the Syrian and Arabian peoples for instance, the peoples of the Old Testament, often went with a certain measure of polygamy.

Concubinage was admitted, as was repudiation; but everywhere in the great civilizations of the Nile and the Euphrates, in the older Mediterranean cities, the barbaric tribes outside, and the pastoral people living on the fringes of the desert, marriage, and monogamous marriage, is the underlying general custom.

Where we have an age-long system of positive law which we can consult in detail—and of this the best example, of course, is the long development of Roman law—marriage is of that color and kind. Moreover, it is interesting to find that, in the most

solemn examples of such marriage, the forms of marriage going back to the oldest stratum of Roman society and religion, there is a peculiar solemnity about the contract. It is accompanied by highly religious forms. It has a specific, profound confirmation of permanence, and that very fine ritual phrase to emphasize permanence, the bride saying to the groom: "Where thou, Galus, art, there shall I, Gaia, be," putting the same name in the masculine and the feminine to emphasize the union and its permanence. A ritual meal (or, at any rate, in historic times, the remnant of that custom) accompanied the solemnity.

We further have to note that, in all the high pagan classical literature, in proportion as it goes back to the origins of that great Greco-Roman society, the husband and the wife have a kind of equality in their common parenthood and in their common functions. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* have two main human episodes apparent in them in this connection, and each, in the case of Hector and in the case of Ulysses, turn upon this appetite for unity and permanence in marriage. It is not a sanctified and strictly confirmed unity or permanence; exception to unity or to permanence excites no horror; but unity and permanence are the necessary factors, without which the emotions of the wife waiting in Ithaca, and of the husband's return, of the wife bringing her little boy to the hero as he goes out to battle, and his speech to her, which is perhaps the most poignant of all Homeric passages, would be incomprehensible.

CENTURIES and centuries informed by, and soaked in, Catholicism, have made superficial people contrast what is left of our morals with the looser arrangements of pagan antiquity, as they also contrast the looser arrangements of Islam. But if you look at the thing from the other angle, and contrast Islamic or pagan marriage with mere promiscuity or with that approach to promiscuity which is seen in our modern great cities especially among the rich—the striking thing is the strength of union and permanency throughout. If a

man knew nothing of history and had been told nothing of the union between the sexes save what is common to all animate nature, the first thing that would strike him would be this startling appearance everywhere among the white race of those two conceptions, unity and permanence in the marriage relation.

As society grows more complex, older, more fatigued (and one may fairly say more wicked—for fatigue involves decline) the old simplicity of marriage gets blurred. The Romans themselves remarked that fact and made up a sort of fable or myth which contained a great historic truth, saying that while divorce had been permitted from the earliest times, such was the Roman virtue that it had long been almost unknown.

AT THE moment the Catholic Church was founded, on the first Whitsunday, the old pagan world, as we know, had reached a certain limit in its development. It had become united in one civilization, under one government, which we call the Roman Empire, but it contained a mass of disconnected customs, rules and traditions among its many cities and tribes, states and provinces. Marriage remained in theory and idea what it had always been, but in practice more and more relaxed.

This increasing breakdown of a fundamental human institution was part of the general breakdown of the old pagan society, which would undoubtedly have died but for the coming of the Catholic Church. The Church revived it and preserved that old world.

But people often misunderstand the nature of the breakdown of marriage at the end of Paganism. Comical satirists and moralists are perpetually lamenting the loose habits of the wealthier class and the loss of the old ideal of marriage among them. That was bad enough, for the wealthier class made the laws and gave the tone. But what was really more important underneath was the double presence of (1) slavery and (2) destitution among free men. The bulk of the population at the end of Paganism was made up of slaves. What propor-

tion the slaves were of the whole population we do not know, though we have documents showing in one or two places the proportion of two-thirds slaves to one-third free men! Anyhow, the majority certainly were slaves.

THE slave could have no true marriage. Concubinage between slaves could be fixed by custom, and in a small measure, as time went on, protected by law, and the domestic atmosphere of domestic slavery (as distinct from the harsh slavery of the fields and the primitive factories of those days) softened the relation of slave and slave owner. Still, slavery was a solvent of marriage.

And side by side with the vast increase of slavery at the end of the pagan time went the increasing destitution of the free man—as it is going on today. The small farmer, in more and more places, was eaten up by the large landowner. The old tribal customs had been replaced by strict Roman law, especially fostering large property. The end of the pagan time was a period of millionaires, standing above a vast population of slaves and proletariat, among whom the remaining small owners, though still very numerous, dwindled. Proletarian conditions, almost as much as slave conditions, are hostile to the dignity, permanency and sanctity of marriage and of the family.

Upon this pagan welter came the new spirit of the Church.

Now of all things which the Catholic Church did when it transformed the ancient pagan world (rising in power during the third century, gaining government in the fourth and extending universally throughout the fifth and sixth), of all the revolutionary acts specifically attributable to the Catholic Church in the course of all historical changes, the most outwardly obvious and nearly the most important was the new full doctrine of Catholic marriage. More important still, of course, because more at the root of things, was the doctrine of the Incarnation, and side by side with it the institution of the Church itself, whereby the world was changed and new morals everywhere planted firmly. But anyone judging society by daily experience, by common action, would have been struck more than anything by the idea of permanence in marriage.

The Church insisted on the absolute character of marriage, on the absolute permanency of the union. The Church spread a horror of irregularity and insisted on the complete equality of all human beings in respect of her law of marriage.

Those who are perpetually rummaging about among old documents to discover exceptions only prove the rule of indissolubility the more strongly. You get certain Councils, in which unorthodox views on marriage appear for very exceptional cases—for instance the right of a husband to repudiate a wife who had tried to poison him. You get clauses in some official church documents tolerating a certain laxity for a short time at least, with certain newly converted barbaric tribes. You get special instances of powerful nobles and rulers who, though Catholic and baptized, have more than one wife or repudiate a lawful wife and take another. But these exceptional cases, which are so vastly exaggerated by historians lacking sense of proportion, are as nothing to the vast, broad and deep stream of Catholic tradition in the matter. A man or a woman who takes advantage of the divorce allowed by civil law and marries again is excommunicate. The permanency and sanctity of marriage are insisted upon over and over again in Council after Council and pronouncement after pronouncement. The battle for permanent, indissoluble wedlock is the chief active battle fought by the Church in her relations with European society during what are called "the Dark Ages."

THE Sacramental definition of marriage developed as every theological definition develops. It is more precise at the end of the business than at the beginning. The rules become clearer and things tolerated and excepted fewer, until they finally disappear altogether. But there is no mistaking the transformation of the mind. There is no mistaking the way in which our fathers turned right around from the old pagan laxity in these matters, to the strict Catholic conception of the holy, permanent, indissoluble, sacramental, bond.

We mark that the moment an attack on the unity of Christendom was made the first thing to go by the board was Christian marriage. The great Mohammedan heresy (for I shall always call it that: it was not a new religion, it was essentially a heresy of simplification), the great Mohammedan heresy which swept over half our civilization in the seventh century and onwards, was especially in social relations, an attack on the Catholic strictness of marriage.

When, later, Christendom struck a rock and made shipwreck in the early sixteenth century, the first evidence of the moral dissolution was a contempt for marriage. Cases of the new spirit appear at once, the two most famous being Luther's license to a

German prince to have two wives alive at the same time, and Henry Tudor's autocratic irregular divorce in England. In all the discussions of the Reformation you see the reformers tending towards the breakup of unity and permanence in the theory at least, though not yet in the general practice of marriage.

In England the thing came slowly enough. When English society had pulled itself together in main morals after the religious conflicts, and when the new Anglican Church was established on a more or less settled basis, marriage was at first indissoluble, as the Catholic tradition had left it.

But that did not last. With the middle of the seventeenth century, under Charles II, comes the first bill in parliament for permitting a particular divorce by statute in a very wealthy family. At first the Anglican bishops were divided in the matter; the House of Lords, of which the Anglican Bishops were members, had a majority for allowing divorce, and the new idea passed into law. But for a long time divorce of this kind was exceedingly rare: one in every ten years or so. And this for a very good reason, which was that to pass a special act for a private person through the House of Commons and the House of Lords and to get the Royal assent meant the paying of huge sums.

Even so, however, the practice of English divorce increased. From one in every ten years or so there came to be one on the average every year, and even more frequently, though only very rich people could afford the luxury. Then, in the nineteenth century, the breakdown of marriage was allowed to the middle class. In our own time English laws have become more and more lax in the matter, and we are, without a doubt, on the eve of general permission for divorce.

In France the revolution produced a change, at first slight, but in the latter part of the nineteenth century rapid, and throughout Europe as a whole, although there are still large areas of exceptions, divorce became the rule. Today one may say that, outside the Catholic community, marriage is everywhere regarded as a terminable civil contract.

THE Church, therefore, today is where it was sixteen hundred years ago in the days of the first Christian emperors, fighting a moral battle in which it has no civil backing, save in a few places, preaching by example and affirmation the true doctrine of marriage, but not able to reimpose it yet upon the civil laws. For the great mark of our time is the return to paganism.

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"Lockout," Lithograph by Kyra Markham. Courtesy of Kennedy Galleries, New York

Labor Is Human

When We Use the Abstract Term "Labor" We Are Apt to Forget That We Are Talking About Human Beings With Certain Rights and Duties

By NORMAN McKENNA

IF YOU like to startle audiences with bold statements, simply announce, as calmly as possible: "Labor has no rights." But in order to avoid assault and battery, it is wise to explain hastily that "Labor" is a term used to describe human beings who possess certain rights by virtue of the work they do, as well as by virtue of their humanity; that it is not the term which has rights, but the human beings.

Such an introduction is probably not the safest in the world, but it does help to impart the right perspective in any discussion of industrial prob-

lems. We are too likely these days to forget the human equation in labor, and in other problems; the more often we are reminded of it, the sounder, the more Christian will be the discussion.

The distinction is far from being idle hair splitting over terminology. While correct terms are very important, what is still more important is a consciousness of what the term represents.

When we talk of labor, we are really talking about workingmen, about human beings, of free will and intelligence, with rights and duties; about

creatures of body and soul, with an immortal destiny. Yet industrial disputes, as reported in the daily press, are often presented as no more than blind struggles between two irrational and irresponsible forces, capital and labor. Unless we deliberately keep in mind the human factor in industry, we are likely to have our viewpoint colored by the Liberal acceptance of capital-labor war; our perspective is then in danger of being more Liberal than Catholic.

Just what our first thought on labor problems is becomes a matter of vital importance, when we realize that first

thoughts shape our perspective, and our whole attitude toward labor, and the final conclusions we draw about labor's position will be determined largely by our perspective. Thus the whole Liberal attitude toward labor is based on the contention that labor is a chattel, that workingmen are commodities; in contrast, the whole Catholic attitude toward labor is based on the belief that the workingman is a human being, with certain natural rights, with certain duties: a moral person.

UPON such principles is based the doctrine contained in the great social encyclicals of the Popes. As Leo XIII said: "Religion teaches the rich man and the employer that their working people are not their slaves; that they must respect in every man his dignity as a man and as a Christian . . . and that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power."

One need not point out how quickly the path of Liberalism and the path of Catholicism diverge, and one need only look at the daily papers to see the consequence of this divergence. Liberalism is moving into its logical consequence of class war and Communism, while Catholicism, where it has had the opportunity, as in Portugal, or in Austria before the *Anschluss*, was moving men upwards toward a humanized and Christianized social order.

Whereas Liberalism gathers up workingmen into one dehumanized, depersonalized mass labeled labor, Catholicism insists that workingmen be accorded the treatment due to human personalities; Catholicism recognizes and protects the person; Liberalism crushes the person in an anonymous collectivity.

The tactic of the Liberal is a convenient one. Give a group a label, and you are ready to treat with them not as if they were human beings, but as if they were some less than human aggregation. Thus it is not so grating on the ears to talk of exploitation of labor as it is to talk of depriving ten men, or ten thousand men, working in Blank factory, of a living wage. It is not so grating to talk of repressing labor violence as it is to talk of shooting Tom Jones and Jim Smith; of putting Joe Brown in the hospital with a broken head. The choice of language is important; one can always find words to save a conscience.

To talk of Labor's wife having to give Labor's baby water in the bottle instead of milk because Labor is getting less than a living wage is to talk something little short of nonsense,

but to describe the rickets of John Jones' baby, brought on because Jones, who works in the Blank factory, is deprived of a living wage, is to get close to some rather embarrassing considerations. Anonymity sometimes hides misery; 12,000,000 unemployed hardly means as much to any of us as does one miserable figure nudging us for a dime: what statistics depersonalize comes to life before us in the person of one wretched human being.

The moral problems which 12,000,000 unemployed bring to mind must surely give us pause; yet it is not until we realize that the figure of 12,000,000 represents so many persons that we come to grasp the full significance of the problem. Then the malnutrition of John Jones' baby becomes a real, a desperate, and an embarrassing problem: we are dealing with human beings. It is not then a matter of making irrational economic forces obey economic laws, but a matter of making the men concerned realize their responsibilities as members of the human family.

The difference between the Liberal viewpoint and the Catholic viewpoint is perhaps nowhere so clearly demonstrated as in the respective approaches to the same industrial problems. To the Liberal, who regards industrial problems as matters of economics, and no more, institutional reform is looked upon as the primary and sure cure. To the Catholic, who regards industrial problems (like all human problems) as primarily moral ones, the remedy is first of all personal reform, and then institutional reform.

TO THE LIBERAL, an industrial dispute is no more than a vexing item to be adjusted some way in accounting books: so much loss due to a strike; so much gain through use of strikebreakers at less than the strikers' usual pay. To the Catholic, an industrial dispute is a struggle between human beings, with a person, or group of persons on either side striving to assert or defend their rights. One or the other disputant is wrong to some degree; but both disputants, and on this the Catholic must insist, are human beings with moral responsibilities for their acts. They are not, as press reports might lead us to believe, anonymous, non-human forces which respond only to the laws of economics. The disputants are real persons, responsible to the moral law.

In a democracy, one would think, all persons would be accorded equal respect; yet how often do we hear labor spoken of contemptuously, quite as if workingmen all belonged to some sub-human strata which the better

people permitted to exist! Again, labor is spoken of in a way to lead the listener to think that workingmen are a secluded group—as if the butcher, the baker, the elevator man, the subway guard were not workingmen. Such discussions are usually up in the air, and far from the facts; one way to bring them down to earth and closer to the facts is to remark the human element in labor: not an abstraction, but human beings are under discussion.

USING abstract terms without consideration of their human significance has shortcomings: it encourages blanket indictments of large groups. "Labor is going Red," some say; others, "Unions are a racket." Such generalities are not only illogical and unfair, but dangerous in the sense that they impede the solution of serious labor problems. Communism and racketeering in certain labor unions constitute serious problems which American labor leaders and the rank and file must meet. The problems can only be met by calm and objective determination of the facts; a doctor cannot prescribe until he diagnoses. To say that there is Communism in the American labor movement is equivalent to saying that there is measles in New York City. After admitting the presence of Communism, and measles, the logical step is to determine the seriousness of the situation, and plan remedial steps. We can no more shout away Communism than we can a disease.

We will make little progress in the solution of industrial problems until we realize that the problems we are discussing are primarily moral problems, and that realization must follow recognition of the human element in labor. The emphasis may seem to be a minor one; in fact, it is an emphasis which imparts a certain attitude, a certain perspective. Emphasis on the human factor in industry touches on the very fundamentals of industry's problems.

Abstract terms have their place, and are indeed useful, but like all good things, abstract terms can be abused; they can be used to color public opinion in a way hostile to the workingman. They can be used to hide the human being under the anonymous cloak of "labor."

When we speak of labor's rights, we do say something; but we say a great deal more, of deeper significance, when we speak of the rights of the workingman. That brings us to the root of things: the humanity of the workingman, the morality of the workingman. And the living wage, to mention but one of the workingman's rights, is inseparable from morality.

Birth Control's Old-Fashioned

By CHARLES R. ROSENBERG



EWING GALLOWAY

A NICE young couple whom we had met in a business way called on us socially. They seemed to enjoy the visit and, departing, promised to come soon again. The call was never repeated. They were scathingly rebuked by their relatives, as we later learned, for "taking up with such awful people."

The young folk had made a social blunder; no doubt about it. Taking up with us is something that just isn't done. People—nice people, that is—cannot risk granting us the accolade of social acceptance and so, naturally, they keep their distance. Otherwise, they might be thought to be the kind we are; and even people who have never seen us or talked to us know that we're simply impossible.

They have many pungent and descriptive phrases for us. Anybody would know, they say, that we're uncivilized. Certainly we are not an advantage to the neighborhood we live in. We must be ignorant foreigners. We should be ashamed of ourselves. We're just animals. Ladies who have expunged their eighth grade flunks with a sedan, silver fox furs, and modern thought—a season ticket for Professor Horton's lectures, my dear—have dug up a much fancier word for us. To them, we're anachronistic.

The straw vote is decidedly adverse. Social pressure undoubtedly is being exerted on us. And why?

Because we have eight children!

Once, perhaps as recently as fifty years ago, our family of eight would have won us respectful recognition in the community. Had we been engaged in farming, our offspring would have buttressed our economic position. Today we are the bearded ladies, the sword-swallowers, the tight-rope walkers of society—freaks, in other words. The stunt man who teeters on the roof-edges of high buildings may thrill and appall you. Perhaps you admire his nerve, his balance, his nimbleness; but you don't exactly endorse his capers as a way of life.

So it is with us, the parents of eight. Our way is not approved.

Even our kin find it a bit disturbing to be related to such as we are. To strangers, they must be forever presenting explanations designed to make us seem respectable, or at least not such staggering monstrosities as all sensible people know we really are. To us, they must make it clear in subtle but none the less definite ways that they are not in sympathy with our sociological policies, so to speak.

And not infrequently they make it

clear to us in ways not at all subtle. Above all, we are not to be encouraged. Who knows but that, with a modicum of encouragement, we might increase our present quota of eight to ten or twelve—especially since our eight include two sets of twins? It is characteristic of a black sheep that he is always plotting further mischief, whether he be a sot or a kleptomaniac or a procreator of twins.

Now, faced with this universal and concerted disapproval, what have we to say for ourselves, if anything? Surely we're not going to make the absurd argument that we're right and the rest of the world is wrong! Haven't we enough decency and intelligence at least to be ashamed of ourselves?

The quantum of our decency and intelligence is problematical at best, we fear. Not only are we not ashamed of ourselves, but we're defiant about this whole business. We're not at all willing to admit that our eight little ones represent so many errors of judgment, as it were. Most decidedly, we're of the opinion that we are right and the rest of the world is wrong—to the extent that the rest of the world is opposed to families like ours.

Perhaps we'd be keenly unhappy about the disapproval directed at us

if we felt that we were singled out for it personally. We recognize, however, that the social disparagement of which we are conscious is aimed not particularly at us, but at our kind—the kind of people who have large families. And it isn't difficult to perceive the conditions in which it is rooted.

To begin with, there is the obvious truth that each little stranger added to a family brings a new and additional economic burden to the parents. Economic conditions being what they are in these United States in the Twentieth Century, "sensible" Americans limit their families to a size appropriate to their economic position.

THERE, there are cases, many of them, where the physical and medical risks of further births may seem too great for a woman to undertake; but, by and large, the family problem of an overwhelming majority of American couples is fundamentally economic. "We can't afford another child," they say frankly. Perhaps they are sincere, but in their heart of hearts, what they really mean is that they are unwilling to make the personal sacrifices and endure the economic hardships that more children would involve. And, the current social viewpoint being hostile to large families, why should they?

Now our large family wrecks their family-economic philosophy. They resent us, though they do not know exactly why. The instinct to leave a posterity is crying out in protest against defeat—with our eight children in full view. Our eight are proof that it is possible to have a large family; provided, of course, you are willing to waive all the luxuries and most of the comforts of living.

Fundamentally, then, a large family in a community is a living rebuke to that substantial segment of the population which has excused itself from parenthood, or at least further parenthood, on economic grounds. Naturally, they don't like it. Condemning us and calling us names are simply defense mechanisms for their biological penuriousness, though they would probably be surprised to be told so. When the stunt man is risking his life in a performance that you really should be duplicating, there's a perverse sort of satisfaction in calling him a mountebank and a fraud. It was the war profiteers, you will recall, who reviled the veterans most bitterly in the bonus controversy.

A less subtle and perhaps more readily demonstrable basis of social objection to families like ours is the fear, or at least the possibility, that people who have denied themselves the privilege of unlimited parenthood

may be forced to assume the economic burden of maintaining other people's children. If, through sickness, death or other conditions, we should be unable to continue maintaining our eight offspring, perhaps relatives or friends might feel a moral obligation to help, however grudgingly. The community, through its relief agencies, might have to take over the problem. We would hear plenty, no doubt, about the effrontery, the villainess of "bringing children into the world for other people to support, especially in these times." Of course we'd be ridiculed if we suggested that the bringing of more children into the world is an enterprise that the community may well find it not only profitable but vitally necessary to support, and especially in these times, if you please!

If birth control as a social policy ever had any justification at all, it was rooted in economic conditions—the economic difficulties of raising a large family. So far as individual married couples are concerned, that economic difficulty may still seem to have validity for the limitation of their families. In the social view and in the broad economic view, however, birth control is about as antiquated and as anachronistic—to use that favorite adjective of the birth controllers—as horse and buggy transportation. In the light of the social and economic conditions that America faces today and, according to all evidence, will continue to face with increasing acuteness in the near future, birth control is definitely and distinctly an old-fashioned notion.

LET'S BEGIN with observable facts. Large families are not being born. That's a fact you can see in any community. Any real estate man will confirm the assertion that large houses—those intended for and adapted to large families—are a drug on the market. It is next to impossible to find a buyer or tenant for a dwelling with more than three or four bedrooms, except perhaps for use as a rooming or boarding house. In the schools, it is virtually unheard of, any more, to have a half dozen or so brothers and sisters of the same family. In some cities, boards of education are finding that their school facilities for pupils in the grades are greater than the enrollment requires, because new youngsters are starting school in decreasing numbers.

While it is a truism that statistics are to be handled with care, and their interpretation even more so, still this is one case where personal observation and statistics confirm each other. It is an undeniable fact that the birth rate in the United States is declining

at what may be called, conservatively, an alarming rate. Statistically, that decline began around 1800 and has been following its downward path ever since.

For some time past economists and other social scientists have been discussing the prospective stabilization of the population of the United States at about 135,000,000. That point will be reached, it is estimated, some time between 1945 and 1950. These are not controversial figures. They represent fairly general agreement among students of population—biometricians, they are sometimes called. Experts may argue as to whether the maximum population will go as high as 150,000,000 and what year the peak will be reached; but there is no serious disagreement that a peak will be reached and also no serious disagreement that the time is not far away.

INCREASE in population means, of course, that the number of births in the community exceeds the number of deaths. Stabilization of population means that the number of births equals the number of deaths. Now if America does reach a peak population within the next few years, will it stabilize at that peak figure? The history of the American birth rate for over a century, experts point out, is against it. The rate has persistently declined. If population is to stabilize, obviously the rate of births must stabilize; in other words, the birth rate must cease to decline.

Will it? Remembering that the birth rate continued its decline even during the decades when fecund immigrant strains were flooding the United States, experts find no reason to expect a reversal of the trend. They expect, instead, a declining population. Certainly, if birth control propaganda and practice continue, their expectations will inevitably be realized.

Perhaps because the problem of a decreasing population is so vast and so broadly social, it is difficult to gauge its terrific implications. It is hard to conceive of the American people making a losing fight for their very existence. Yet that is what a declining population will mean. The social and economic equipment of the United States is geared not to a population of 120,000,000 or 150,000,000 or any other stabilized figure. It is predicated on growth and expansion. Historically, our whole economic policy and procedure have been based on national growth and development. Bigger, brighter and better have been more than mere bombastic adjectives in our national economy; they have been a reasonably accurate description of what our economic theory and action have been and should be.

With typical American optimism let us indulge the rather unlikely presumption that when the peak population is reached our economic and social structure will be exactly fitted and adapted to it. What then, when the population figures begin to tumble? Fewer people to consume what the farmer grows, fewer people to buy the products of industry. In a village, for example, where the population is reduced by migration and other causes, what happens to the local stores and industries, what is the effect on the value of land? Magnify that situation to national dimensions and the picture of the economic and social results of a declining population become perceptibly clearer.

Also, it becomes clearer that of all conceivable economic and social policies, birth control is about the least suited to the existing and impending conditions of our national life. Years ago, in the heyday of immigration and national industrial expansion, Theodore Roosevelt roundly condemned what he characterized as race suicide. What term would he find today to describe the attitude of the American people, as under the banner of birth control they blandly approach national extinction?

NO EXPERT is needed to prove to the American people that their need is not birth control, but birth encouragement. The plain arithmetic of our population figures shows it. True, our total population has steadily increased during the past century while the birth rate per thousand of population has as steadily declined. Immigration and the progeny of immigrants have helped to boost the population total, even in spite of the low birth rate.

Is it that we need more immigrants to supply us with more citizens, more producers, more consumers? Perhaps we do—in moderation. But the substitution of immigrant population for declining native stock is, of course, the self-effacement of the native strain. The American nation would be American no longer. The melting pot process presumes that the pot contains and controls the meltage and that the meltage of immigration assimilates the traditions of the pot. Where the meltage submerges the pot and overwhelms it, the pot's usefulness is at an end; and so it is where alien races submerge the native stock.



GENDREAU

It was something like that, wasn't it, that happened to the Romans—something that even the great Justinian could not overcome?

Coming back to our eight children, we still insist that we are far more modern in our thinking and action than the advocates of birth control. Our rearing of a family of eight is certainly in line with the social needs of our country. The old birth control slogan of "fewer and better children" is not heard much any more. It never meant very much anyhow, for its truth was never demonstrated and probably never could be. Nevertheless, the birth control people have had and still have on their side of the argument a very forceful and easily proved truth. It's this: two children can be better fed, housed and cared for with a given income than eight children can be on the same income. If birth control be a dangerous policy from the social viewpoint, give its proponents credit for trying to solve, perhaps mistakenly, the problem of the individual family.

The economic status of the family is, after all, the vital element not only for the family but for the nation as a whole. Are fathers and mothers to be expected to sacrifice themselves, economically and in every other way, in order to raise large families for the social good? Perhaps they may be expected to, but if they are human beings, they are not going to—and that's the crux of the whole problem of birth control, of declining population, yes, of the economic and social future of the United States.

Thus far, birth control is the only solution offered married couples harried by the economic difficulties of raising a family in the United States today. Whether they like it or not, it's the solution they adopt. They are not doing their patriotic duty by their country that needs population so urgently, perhaps, but, unhappily, their country isn't doing so well by them. Basically, it is this vicious circle that underlies the coming biological extinction of America.

Perhaps because this problem of declining births has caught up with some other countries more definitely than it has with the United States, they see the thing in a clearer light than we do. In Italy and Germany, for example, a new baby means a financial bonus. Family pensions help along the cause of more births in France. In short, if a nation is to survive, it must encourage larger families; it must recognize that, after all, the family and not the individual is the basic social unit.

IT WOULD be easy to make a start in the United States. In the draft for the World War, married men were given a deferred military status—in recognition of the needs of their dependents. In the income tax law, an exemption is allowed for each dependent child. Is there any reason why a man's dependents should not be recognized in the public service?

Would not social justice—and the ultimate self-interest of the community—be served by giving preference in public employment to qualified men with children? In industry, would there be any real injustice in "laying off" single men first in cases of reduction of force? Certainly it would be just as fair as the prevailing seniority rule whereby the man who has had his job for the shortest length of time is discharged first. Perhaps a man with a large family cannot be paid a larger wage by his employer than a single man doing the same work, but a governmental allowance to the family man would be nothing new in the United States. Married men who enlisted in the army and navy for the World War were given family allowances, you will recall. What was done as a military measure certainly can be repeated to save the nation from extinction.

Not fewer babies, please, but more of them, many more, and the wherewith to support and raise them!



Czechoslovakia, showing various national divisions. To the above information may be added the following religious statistics: Roman Catholics—10,831,696; Greek and Armenian Catholics—585,041; Protestants—1,129,758; Orthodox—145,598; Jews—356,830; Old Catholics—22,712; Other Religions—8,878; Without Religion—854,638.

Czechoslovakia and the Church

In Spite of Many and Great Difficulties in the Past, the Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia Holds Today a Position of Great Influence and Respect

By DANUBICUS

WHEN you enter Czechoslovakia today you find the country in a state of ferment. Agitation among her inhabitants, which has been growing continuously for years, reached its peak when Hitler marched into Vienna. Since that time the modern microbes of a totalitarianism on national lines have kept this banana-shaped republic with its fifteen millions of polyglot population in a fever. Europe is anxiously watching her new "sick man," since the disease seems to keep the patient in a chronically critical stage. The peace of the world turns on the question whether Czechoslovakia will get on her feet again, or whether the world will have to solve one of its worst inheritance problems.

It is not necessary to analyze the

situation in Czechoslovakia at any great length for the American public. It is being dealt with in the daily press *ad nauseam*. Everybody with some basic geographic knowledge and some interest in world politics knows that this small republic is inhabited by a number of badly dissatisfied races. They are the objects of designs and aspirations not only inimical to the very existence of the republic itself but threatening to cause a new world-wide conflagration.

Lying in the heart of Europe, athwart the famous path of the German *Drang nach Osten*, Czechoslovakia occupies a key position often characterized by a remark attributed to Bismarck: "Whoever controls Czechoslovakia controls Europe."

The fundamental truth of this saying has been amply proved during the military history of Europe by the exploits of Wallenstein, Napoleon and Moltke. No two nations know its meaning better than the Prussians and the French who, each after a great battle fought in Bohemia, Austerlitz and Sadowa, suffered overwhelming national disasters at Jena and Sadowa, respectively.

When, today, you enter this key republic of Europe, from no matter which direction, the basic origin of its internal conflict strikes you immediately. As long as you are in contact with the official state through its various organs, you cannot escape the impression of being in a national country of great homogeneity. But as soon as you leave the official



ogy, coined in the heyday of League of Nations experimentations. This part of the world has turned into a witch's cauldron of terrible brew. The days of tame minority problems and serene disputes over them are gone. We are entering a new era which should be called one of *totalitarian irredentism*.

This term explains in a nutshell the situation today in Czechoslovakia and in any other state with "minorities"—of which there are many. Minority aims everywhere today are to form national totalitarian groups with an ultimate irredentist objective. Community of interest between themselves and their ruler state is as much as between ivory balls on a billiard table. They come into contact only to rebound. The question in the case of Czechoslovakia is only whether world diplomacy will be able to keep the balls on the table or whether they will fly off and break all the china in the room.

One thing is certain, however. The Church will come out of it all unscathed, for in this sea of seething intrigues and passions the Church is the only solid rock. The history and present status of Catholicism in Czechoslovakia are therefore very interesting.

Since the days of John Huss and the ravages of the Thirty Years War the Czechs have been inimical to Rome just as they have been hostile to Vienna. In their eyes the seat of the Popes and the seat of the Hapsburgs were two sources of national misfortune. Hussitism and all other forms of Protestantism were mercilessly stamped out by the Catholic armies, and after the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 the German and Catholic Hapsburgs suppressed every manifestation of Czech national separatism under Hussite or Protestant disguise.

Feeling among the Slav inhabitants of Bohemia remained dormant for two centuries until Liberalism gave it a new impetus. In this movement the Czechs found a new promise. Liberalism, in its anti-Church attitude, was akin to their own anti-Catholic mentality. With its emphasis on political liberty and national romanticism, Liberalism was hailed

world, one thing after another reminds you that you are in a part of Europe full of conflicting nationalities. The longer you stay the more powerfully you realize the tragic failure of the peacemakers of Versailles.

It is exactly twenty years now since the Wilsonian dream of self-determination sprang into tangible reality in the form of present-day Czechoslovakia. Two decades of triumph, rule and plenty have just been celebrated by the State and by those who enjoy them; the same two decades of humiliation, submission and misery are being cursed by those whose self-determination, had they been consulted, would have been anything but Czechoslovakian.

In 1918 very powerful interests stood behind the Czechs, perhaps the most favored small nation at Versailles. In consequence, the Czechs formed a state called Czechoslovakia and shaped it in their own image—national self-interest. In the meantime the world has been too busy with other things, and those in Czechoslovakia who were neither Czechs nor Czechoslovaks, who had received nothing but promises, were completely forgotten.

Today, however, equally powerful

interests stand behind these "forgotten men." These proletarians of self-determination have found mighty protectors. They feel it; they are conscious of the fact that they are a world problem. They refresh their memories, and the vermouth of past bitterness combines with their new self-consciousness as a double intoxicant. Germans, Slovaks, Magyars, Ruthenians, Poles clamor for rights and more rights and organize feverishly on totalitarian lines. Politically, culturally and economically they want to form their own homogeneous national minority groups. Thus the centuries-old movement of nationalism has turned ultra modern.

This stream-lined self-determination, if given full play, would lead to the creation of self-centered groups which in everything but form would be completely independent; they would exist as states within a state. This is the crux of the situation! We can speak no more of nationalities or minorities! These old terms would be inadequate today to express the new mentality which even the casual tourist can observe in a thousand manifestations everywhere in eastern Europe. We must revise our terminol-

as the new road toward the fulfillment of their age-old aspirations. Their movement found powerful political support in Panslavism in which the Czechs soon occupied the place of honor in the vanguard, as the most progressive, most western branch of their Slav brethren, the pioneers of cultural advancement and the spearhead of the great thrust against the Teutonic enemy.

WHEN, in the nineties, France became a friend of Russia, a new orientation was given the Czechs. They may have liked Panslavism as a political force but the deep and mystic religiousness of the great country of the Czars, of "holy mother Russia" was not much to their taste. Due to geographical proximity and innumerable traditional ties they were much more exposed to German influences where Bismarck's *kulturkampf* had just created a situation widely applauded by the Czechs. But Germany had become a friend of the Hapsburgs and whoever was the ally of the arch-enemy of Czechdom could remain no source of inspiration for them. Besides, the noise of the *kulturkampf* died away and Bismarck had surrendered.

The rumblings of a new *kulturkampf* soon started, however, in France. Clemenceau's and Ferry's struggle against the Church seemed more determined, more tenacious and more embittered than Bismarck's. French radicalism was soon hailed as the fountain of youth for Czechdom. Paris became the spiritual Mecca, the new star which was to show the way out of the desert of Hapsburg Josephinism.

In the history of the movement of new Czech nationalism this era was the most remarkable. Since the eighties of the last century there was a veritable Czech renaissance which completely rejected Catholicism, though the Slav inhabitants of Bohemia were all, at least nominally, members of the Church. Politically Panslavistic and Russian, spiritually atheistic and French, this renaissance rapidly became one of the open sores of the old Catholic Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The two great national heroes of the Czech renaissance, Masaryk and Benes, then university professors, became the two foremost exponents of the new spiritual orientation.

Early in his career Masaryk came to the conclusion that the decadent régime of the Czars was not a safe harbor where the fragile ship of the future Czech national state could lower its anchor. Radical France and the Protestant Anglo-Saxon world,

with their liberal and democratic institutions, seemed to be the pattern after which their new state should be shaped. Their advice was followed and the Czech nation, at the outbreak of the World War, was fully prepared to switch its political orientation from East to West.

When the floodgates of self-determination were released by the Armistice of 1918 the long pent up energies of Czech anti-Catholic radicalism and Protestant-Hussite enthusiasm broke loose with full force. In the delirious demonstrations following the declaration of independence in October, 1918, the large statue of the Holy Virgin, measuring thirty feet, which adorned one of the great squares of Prague, was thrown down. A million former members of the Catholic Church deserted the fold and became declared atheists or Hussites. About one half of them founded a new Church which has remained true to most Catholic tenets but revolted against the authority of the Pope and called itself the Czechoslovak Church.

The government, imbued with this anti-Catholic and radical spirit, soon found itself at loggerheads with the Holy See. An open *kulturkampf* of extreme bitterness threatened the young state of Czechoslovakia. The Catholic Slovaks went into opposition and threatened secession at a time when the state was hardly founded. The vast majority of the Czechs, on the other hand, the real rulers of the Republic, stood firmly behind the anti-Catholic and anti-Church policy of their government—with the exception of the Czech People's Party under the able leadership of Msgr. Sramek.

THIS party became second in numerical strength in the parliament of Prague. Typical of European politics, this parliament was torn by a variety of factions and the picture assumed an even more confusing aspect when the many nationalities entered the fray. Under such circumstances, a solid block of considerable size, like that of Msgr. Sramek's party, supported in questions of religious policy by the other Catholic parties of the nationalities and their sympathizers, could easily hold the balance of power. The government became increasingly dependent on the support of Catholics and one concession after the other was granted, ending in 1927 in the so-called *Modus Vivendi* Agreement concluded between the Holy See and the government of Czechoslovakia.

A great Catholic meeting was held in July, 1935 under the auspices of

the Czechoslovakian government in Prague. It showed the changing aspects of the relation between Church and State. Since 1927 the young Republic has experienced the shock of a powerful German renaissance in her western provinces, the well-known Henlein or Sudeten German movement. This brought 90% of her German-speaking citizens, who number 22% of the entire population of the Republic, into a united political and ideological camp of pronounced Nazi character. By 1935 the full impact of German totalitarian ideas was felt among all the other nationalities and the clamor for autonomy and reintegration on national lines was already raised in all corners of the state.

IN this great predicament the Czechoslovak government had reason to look upon the Church as a friend in need. Therefore, the proposal for the great Catholic reunion in Prague was heartily welcomed by the government. The Holy See showed her characteristic tact and diplomatic skill by nominating Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, as papal delegate.

The meeting was a great success. Immense multitudes thronged the ancient city of Prague. The great political sagacity and influence of the Church was symbolically expressed by the fact that the six nationalities of the Republic were treated as complete equals and yet all of them united in one fold in the capital of the state. There was perfect autonomy and voluntary union—an ideal solution. As a crowning achievement of the meeting the great statue of the Holy Virgin which had been thrown down was restored.

Since that time peace between the State and the Church has not suffered despite the storm and stress of European and Czechoslovak politics. The Church keeps to her middle course with complete success. The student or even the casual observer could receive no more overwhelming proof of the inherent strength of the Church as a conserving, unifying and moderating factor.

It would lead far to go into the details of all these various manifestations of the reviving influence of the Church, but one should be remembered: the signs of a powerful Catholic revival among the people are increasingly evident in Church life as well as in literature, science and art. And in conclusion we may say that it is not impossible that the present trials of the Czechoslovak State may ultimately result in a great triumph for the Church.

Beating The Loan Shark

By EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B.



It is often just too bad for the individual in need of money to fall into the hands of the loan shark

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

The Credit Union, Especially the Parish Credit Union, Offers An Effective Means of Escape From the Clutches of the Merciless and Exacting Loan Shark

ONE of the worst rackets of the day is that of the loan shark. Its victims are treated unmercifully.

Great numbers of people need occasional small loans and, not being able to borrow from the ordinary commercial banks, they are forced to deal with one or the other type of money lender commonly known as "loan sharks." In some States these loan vendors may legally charge as high as thirty and forty per cent interest on loans. That is bad enough. Indeed it often turns out to be "just too bad" for the borrower.

But much worse, and much more far-reaching in its dire consequences, is the fact that many of these money lenders actually charge more than the legal rate of interest, not infrequently even a rate as high as several hundred per cent. Once caught in their clutches it is exceedingly difficult for the unfortunate victim to extricate himself. Often he is simply not able to do so. He is ruined by the financial leech that has fastened itself upon him.

Fortunately there is a remedy for this ugly situation, and one that is relatively simple, and more than relatively certain. It is a remedy that has proved time and again that it can effectively do the job of saving people from the loan shark. We refer to the credit union, and more partic-

ularly to the parish credit union. It is a money-lending institution that charges at most 1 per cent a month on unpaid balances of short term loans, and not infrequently as little as 6 per cent a year.

A credit union is something in the nature of a small bank. It receives deposits, makes loans, and is authorized to invest its surplus in approved securities. Ordinarily it accepts the savings of its members in weekly, semi-monthly, and monthly installments on shares. In a limited number of cases the practice of accepting deposits other than those made on shares is also found. Less common still, and not generally approved, is the practice of doing a checking business.

One becomes a member of a credit union by election to membership by the board of directors, by paying an entrance fee of 25 cents, and by subscribing to at least one \$5.00 or \$10.00 share of stock. The shares subscribed to are commonly paid for at the rate of 25 cents a week. If a person can save 50 cents a week he subscribes to two shares; if \$1.00 a week, to four shares, etc. This shows that the credit union deals with relatively small sums of money and that the members themselves furnish the money by investing their savings in shares.

To become a member of a partic-

ular credit union one must be identified with the group in which the unit is formed. This group may have as its basis an occupation, a territory or a common religion. Thus, teachers may organize a unit. Packing house workers may organize. Railroaders may organize one. Again, a small rural community may serve as a basis for a credit union. Finally, a very excellent basis for one is a Catholic parish. The reason why the organization of a credit union is limited to a specific group having some common tie or bond is found in the fact that the fundamental principles of a credit union are those of mutual help and service, and the common bond affords special opportunity for the exercise of these principles.

CREDIT UNIONS may be chartered either by the Federal or State Government. Forty-two States and the District of Columbia now have credit union laws. When the first credit union was established in the United States—that of St. Marie parish, Manchester, New Hampshire—there was not a single credit union law in the country. A special act of the legislature was necessary to give this particular unit standing under the law. That same year, however—namely, 1909—a credit union law was passed in Massachusetts. Others

followed shortly afterward in other States. Their further growth has been particularly rapid over the past decade and a half. The Federal law, the so-called Sheppard Act, was passed in 1934. About one third of the credit unions now organized are Federal units; the remaining two-thirds have State charters.

Once a member of a credit union, the individual has a right to vote in the election of officers and in the determination of the policies of the organization. An annual meeting is held by the members. At this meeting there is elected a board of directors to manage the affairs of the unit, a credit committee to pass on all loans, and an auditing committee to audit the accounts of the association. The board of directors then selects from its own membership a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. The treasurer is the most important of these officers, the success of the unit very largely depending on his interest. The board of directors commonly meets once a month. It is obvious from this general set-up that the credit union is a co-operative banking venture. Not only is it owned by its members, it is also managed by them.

The rate of dividends paid to members depends in considerable measure on the earnings of the credit union. It is well to bear in mind that large dividends are not the aim of these co-operative banks. They are meant rather to be a means for servicing members with small loans than a means of making money. A low rate of interest to the borrowers and not high returns to shareholders constitutes their aim. Some, in fact, take the view that dividends should never go above three or four per cent. In not a few instances, however, they do go above that. At present they range from three to six per cent in the great majority of units in existence.

IT IS EXPECTED that the annual expense of operating a credit union remains but a fraction of its gross earnings. It is estimated that the cost of operating a unit during the first year of its existence, assuming a membership of 50 to 100, should be less than \$50.00. Some of the expenses incurred are the cost of the charter, charge for public auditing, pass books and a book-keeping set. In some instances, as the unit grows in size, one or more officials may draw a small salary. This practice, however, is not common.

Usually there is little or no expense for a place in which to con-

duct the business of the credit union. In the case of *parish* credit unions one finds used for this purpose such a variety of places as the following: the parish house, school or hall; the church vestibule or library; the treasurer's residence or place of business.

Reference has already been made to the benefits that accrue to many by virtue of the fact that small loans at reasonable rates of interest are made available to them, thereby saving them from the tender embraces of the loan shark. But there are also other benefits. However, some further references to the loans would seem in order before turning to these.

FIRST OF ALL, it should be observed that loans made are supposed to be "for provident and productive purposes." That is, they are supposed to be such as will help the borrower in a pinch, or let us say, over a rough spot in the road; or again, that they will help him better himself or enable him to get ahead. It is for the credit committee to decide whether a particular loan comes under one of these categories and whether it gives promise of being truly beneficial to the one who is seeking it.

Purposes for which loans are actually granted repeatedly are the following: Household expenses, moving expenses, education, medical care, taxes, consolidation of bills, insurance, fuel, painting, remodeling, and refunding at a lower rate of interest pre-existing loans.

The practice of granting loans up to \$50.00 without security is very general. The only provisions are that the character of the borrower and the purpose for which the money is to be applied measures up to the standards set by the credit union. In the case of larger sums the loans must be secured by endorsements or chattel mortgages.

In spite of the care that may be used in making loans, occasional bad ones are made. For this reason 20 per cent of the annual net earnings of credit unions is customarily set aside as a reserve fund from which to provide against losses.

To prevent losses through embezzlement of funds the State and Federal laws require that the treasurer and all assistants handling credit union funds be bonded. Further protection is provided through the requirement that the treasurer's books be audited quarterly by the credit union's own supervisory or auditing committee and annually by the State or Federal examiners.

Another item of interest and of importance regarding loans is the number made and their size. It is but to be expected that there are some differences herein among the various units. A recent study of a small group of parish credit unions showed a number for the current year as low as \$20.00 and \$30.00 in some cases and as high as \$200.00 and even \$275.00 in others. Under the Federal law individual loans may not exceed \$200.00. Most State laws set the limit higher, namely at \$1,000.00. The average loans range from \$27.00 to \$150.00.

Besides making provision for small loans to members, credit unions provide other benefits. For instance, in the case of parish credit unions considerable sums of money are kept in the parish. At least several thousand dollars annually leave a fairly large parish as a result of the parishioners paying high interest charges on short term loans.

Still another way in which the credit union may benefit its members financially is by discouraging installment buying among them. Buying on installment usually implies paying at least twenty per cent more than the usual cash price.

CREDIT UNIONS bring to their members other than financial advantages. It is generally accepted that they provide an excellent medium for the exercise of co-operation and mutual helpfulness on the part of the parishioner-members toward each other. In other words, they provide excellent opportunity for the exercise of the Christian law of brotherly love. There is hardly need to argue the possibilities for spiritual gain in this. Finally, it should be noted that even the thrift that it promotes in its members is a matter of no small consequence.

There are at present approximately 7,000 credit unions in the United States. Unfortunately only about 250 of these are parish credit unions. The recent study made of a number of these shows that they are doing excellent work. One can only conclude that it is a pity that there are not a great many more of them. It might well be noted in conclusion, therefore, that the establishment of a parish credit union is a very simple matter and that the services of several national groups, among them the Parish Credit Union National Committee in the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, are always at the disposal of the pastors and people who may wish to establish units.

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Feed the Hungry

PASSIONISTS
CHINA

Clothe the Naked

JOACHIM BECKES, C.P., WUKI, HUNAN

War Refugees in Hunan

By REGINALD ARLISS, C.P.

RECENTLY I had the happiness of accompanying our Bishop to Hankow. The trip was not without a touch of adventure and I am sure you will enjoy hearing about it. We had planned on taking the early morning bus for Changsha which would connect with the evening train for Hankow where we hoped to be the following morning. Just as simple as that! But during the night torrential rains began to fall—a veritable deluge—and before we had left the rectory we were already entertaining serious doubts as to whether or not any bus would take off that day.

The Yuan River was at flood height and we crossed the swirling water in the face of a driving wind and pelting rain. All manner of debris such as logs, household furniture and thatched roofs—grim evidence of the havoc already wrought by the storm—was being carried along by the swift current. The bloated corpse of a river-man floated by. When it goes on rampage, no river is more merciless than our Yuan.

The first fifty miles of the highway to Changsha runs through the mountains; every stream and creek would be already flooded and would be steadily swelling, thus endangering the flimsy bridges and causing landslides on the high mountain grades. Would the bus start or not? We had our misgivings. At best it would be a race with the rising water. Apparently the station-master reckoned that since it had been raining only

three hours, there would still be time to beat the adverse elements.

So two trucks were despatched on ahead and within half an hour, and on scheduled time, we set out to be followed five minutes later by a second bus. We were two of sixteen determined passengers among whom was a captain of infantry on his way to rejoin his regiment on the Lung-Hai front; a lieutenant destined to pick up his company in Hankow; a commercial traveler whose accent told that he was from the Nanking area; the Bishop's dependable and resourceful catechist, Gabriel Teng; all resolved on reaching Changsha before nightfall.

For the first hour and a half the race seemed to be all in our favor. Hopes ran high. We took a few wash-outs on two wheels at a perilous angle, dashed across a number of bridges almost awash and sloshed through gathering puddles. We crossed the long bridge at Ma Ti Yi successfully and left it behind, still two feet above the rushing river. There was a close margin five miles further on, and the chauffeur slowed up a moment as though hesitating before making the dash across the treacherous Nan Mo Poa bridge. But over we went as the water splashed in all directions. But Peh Pao Tan lay ahead.

As we went through the station at Ma Ti Yi we had heard the station-master mention this place in earnest tones to the chauffeur. Probably the Bishop and myself were the only two

aboard who realized the significance of that name. Ordinarily but a trickle of water in a wide sandy river-bed, in the rainy season it rises with phenomenal rapidity to the full proportions of a sweeping river. The rain was beating down with ever increasing volume, thick as a cloud-burst. On all sides were innumerable mountain torrents plunging their waters into the stream.

SUDDENLY we come to a turn in the road, and the ford through which we must pass to cross the river lies right ahead. Through the driving rain we can see in the dim distance the ferry-boat with its half-drenched boatmen. The two trucks that had preceded us are nowhere in sight. We too can get across. Hopes once more run high. The chauffeur is out at the water's edge hailing the boatmen. There is some discussion. Precious minutes are lost; perhaps not more than two or three. And as we wait the auto-road on the opposite bank is engulfed before our eyes. We have lost the race by five minutes!

Bitter is the disappointment but there is no time to indulge in sentiments of regret. It must be a return race to the nearest station, twenty-five miles back, or else be caught between streams and held up for days in the open without provisions. All goes well to Nan Mo Poa. It is a toss-up whether to risk the bridge or not. It is already under water and we take it on high gear as it rocks beneath



A mother and her wounded child. Exhausted, terror-stricken, hungry, without a home. Such misery haunts them that they are without hope. Your charity can bring relief to many of these sufferers. Send your offering now to: The Hunan Relief Fund—The Sign, Union City, N. J.

European

us. As we mount the embankment the bridge disappears leaving the bus that is following us stranded on the opposite side. We reach Ma Ti Yi to find the long bridge that we had successfully crossed by a good margin but two hours before already swept away and a section of the earthen ramp completely demolished.

It was a dispirited group of travelers who stepped out of the bus in the Ma Ti Yi station. And spirits were not heightened by the pronouncement of the station-master that since both ends of the road were seriously damaged in numerous places there was little prospect of travelling up or down within a week. The rain was still falling, the river was still rising and our spirits kept on sinking. We tried to brace ourselves with that sage and practical bit of advice "Hope for the best, prepare for the worst and take what comes."

A week in the mountain village of Ma Ti Yi! Sans bedding and sans cooking utensils! Need I describe for you the extreme pleasure with which we went room-hunting along the rain-drenched, grimy street? We located in the establishment of Mr. Nail, proprietor of Ma Ti Yi's leading hostelry, who setting aside his opium-pipe, courteously beckoned us in.

Now Mr. Nail is a kindly old gentleman who literally took us in out of the rain and his wife is a gentle soul who tried her best to make us feel that the house was ours. But as Mr. Nail runs a hotel in the public interest, with no thought of exclusion, I am not doing him a discourtesy when I tell you what the place is like.

Ye Olde Nail Inne, like many others of its kind, is a rambling wooden structure with a tipsy look. Not that Mr. Nail ever serves anything stronger

than hot tea but just that the posts are weary after many years of holding up the enormous weight of the tiled roof. From the street you step over the skin-barking threshold into a large room, open at both ends, with an uneven mud floor; rafters are blackened by the charcoal fires of many a winter; it is a combination shop, kitchen, restaurant and community-center. Just beyond is an open patio and as we entered water from four different roofs was noisily cascading onto the stone floor.

OFF THE PATIO up a couple of stones, over a hurdle, and you are in the apartment de luxe. Here, on the sunniest day, you would be in the deepest shade; on a rainy day, it is dingy, dark and dismal. From the ceiling hang festoons of dust-laden cobwebs; two grated windows, covered with shreds of musty paper, open into the courtyard; generous rat-holes perforate the dirty unswept floor; a wooden bunk covered with straw stands in either corner—obviously this intended as a "double-room"—while a rickety table and two crazy chairs complete the chamber's furnishings.

Bedding is extra. So we were each brought two Chinese padded quilts of that depressing shade of gray which, in household linen, bespeaks long unfamiliarity with water; here and there on these animate covers russet blotches bear sanguinary witness that many a weary traveler had here purchased a night's repose at a frightfully personal cost. We set our valises on the riddled floor, gingerly brushed the immemorial dust from table and chairs, looked out through the bars at the teeming rain and smiled at each other. "So this is Ma Ti Yi!"

We cooked and ate our meals in full view of the street and passers-by never failed to gather to see the two foreigners wield chop-sticks and handle the rice-bowls. All seemed immensely amused at something; possibly our table manners did not measure up to local standards. Lucky is the white man in interior China who isn't abashed when stared at as he eats in public.

Between meals the time was taken up in going back and forth to the bus-station, in exchanging views with fellow passengers as to the likely length of our enforced stay in moldy Ma Ti Yi, or in trips to the water's edge to see the up-to-the-minute height of the river and to speculate how many days it would take a corps of men to repair the damage in the event of the flood receding. Not only were the two foreigners chafing under the indefinite delay but it seemed that every single ticket-holder on that ill-fated bus had a real destination and a pressing engagement—signs of the new China—and kept pacing back and forth and audibly figuring out desperate travel connections like a Wall Street commuter derailed between stations.

BACK in our apartment where the only running water was that which leaks through the roof, we killed time by watching Mr. Nail's chickens, ducks, pigs and dogs as they sauntered with the amplest possible freedom about the premises in their never-sated quest for food. A book or two accounted for a few hours and then night was upon us. We stretched ourselves upon our hard pallets with sentiments akin to those entertained by one who consigns himself to the upholstered comforts of the dentist's chair and indulged in fitful, harried

chamber. In the morning we rose joyfully, if unrefreshed, glad to be free from the skulking menace of those dripping sheets.

RAIN WAS falling and our spirits were correspondingly low for there seemed little prospect of soon resuming our journey. The first thing on the day's program was a walk to the bridge. Will you believe it! We found three thousand men already at work with mattocks and baskets carrying earth and stone to fill in the gap in the ramp. Of course you know the Hunan auto-road is a military one and at present a vital line of communication that must be kept open at all cost, hence the feverish haste; but war or no war, it would take days to repair the damage at this point even though the rain were to stop here and now. The station-master further discouraged us with the information that a number of washouts were reported above us and an indefinite number below.

We thought of striking out on foot for Yuanling, or again of going by sedan-chair, but it would mean at least one day to find the necessary porters for chairs and baggage and another day to cover the distance. Hope was at a low ebb as we returned to Mr. Nail's for morning rice. We had just begun to arrange for our overland trek across the mountains when a bus from Yuanling was reported to have made its appearance across the river. It had brought an inspection crew and the bus was at our service if we could succeed in crossing the intervening water. Desperate men and women stop at nothing; in an incredibly short time we sixteen passengers were once more on board bound for our starting point of the day before.

We got back to the Yuanling Mis-

sion just at nightfall and hurriedly made arrangements for an early departure the following morning for Changteh. With the aid of the high water we hoped to make connections with the earliest bus at that point next day. At daybreak we started off in the smallest sampan imaginable, with two men at the oars. They gave a fine demonstration of the stamina and endurance of the Chinese boatmen, for they kept on the job for well-nigh twenty-four hours, stopping only for meals. We slept peacefully that night to the rhythmic swish of the oars, knowing that we had a safe margin; we had passed Taoyuan in the early evening and so were sure to be on time for the first bus out of Changteh.

At daybreak I awoke to the sound of two words that I shall remember for the rest of my life: "Teh San! Teh San!"—which I was soon to learn spelt the name of a riverside village. There was a something in the peculiar emphasis which the Bishop was putting upon these words which told me plainly that something had gone distinctly wrong, and I scrambled out from beneath the bamboo-hood to find that, despite having hung up an all-time record for sampan travel between Yuanling and Changteh, we had overshot the mark by twenty li!

OUR BOATMAN had brought us to the old bus-station and we had five nautical miles upstream to go to get the bus. It took much persuasion in the nature of vehement eloquence and pecuniary promises to persuade the jaded boatmen once more to pick up their oars. With many a grunt and verbal protest they finally started up against the swift current. Further delay was occasioned by soldiers who imperatively hailed us from the bank and demanded the use of our craft to ferry them across to the opposite

shore. Finesse, rather than reason, on the part of the ever alert Gabriel got us out of this predicament.

BELOW Changteh the river is wide and the expanse was further increased that morning by the floods. The Yuan at this point has the proportions of a lake. We hadn't gone far when a terrific storm swept across the water with the velocity of a typhoon driving us in against the bank and lodging us firmly in the mud. The bamboo-hood leaked in a hundred places, drenching us to the skin and soaking our belongings. We were in desperate straits, and in desperate situations at sea, it is "all men to the pumps." I'll not describe this leg of the journey. Suffice it to say that we pushed and poled and pulled, all hands together, in wind and rain, and drew in at the Changteh wharf at noon just in time to catch the last bus.

The four hour drive to the Hunan Capital was uneventful. As we drew near the city, we got our first glimpse of the sorrow and suffering resulting from the devastating war. China is in the throes of a terrible upheaval, and the battle line stretches over so vast a territory, that the numbers of people flying before the invaders, mounts into the many millions. In this horde are to be found the rich and the poor, young and old, lettered and unlettered, for the war has reduced them to a common level of utter destitution.

Would that I could picture to you the heart-rending scene that met us at the railroad station. The restrooms, the platforms, the cross-bridge were crowded with the most pathetic specimens of humanity that one is ever likely to see. Bombs, grenades, belching cannon, flaming homes, ruined crops were reflected in those pitiable tear-furrowed faces. They were mortals in whose hearts all hope was dead.

Wide World



"After the guns—the stretchers." Back into Hunan, behind the present battle zone, many of the wounded Chinese Soldiers are brought for treatment. Unfortunately, in some cases, no medical attention is to be had. Will you help our missionaries to care for these neglected ones.

And there can be no plight more terrible than that. Mingled in the crowd, lying on the pavement, were soldiers whose neglected wounds made the air noisome; ragged, half-starved children ran hither and thither, totally unconscious of their blighted future.

On our way to Hankow we passed long trains of freight-cars, many of them open, packed to overflowing with refugees and wounded, all making their way into the unknown, embracing every suffering to escape the horror behind. On the platform of every station were scores of refugees awaiting the next evacuating train. When these trains would draw in,

every available space already occupied, the awaiting refugees would attempt to force their way in or to scale the sides of the open freight cars, or climb upon the roofs. Space has its physical limits, and many a treasured box or roll of bedding went reluctantly overboard to make room for the human cargo.

This is suffering on a gigantic scale, such as the world has seldom if ever seen. The total number of refugees makes a multitude that no man can number. Certain it is the total equals the combined population of some organized states. The National Government, the Red Cross, Catholic and

Protestant missions in China, charitable societies, and public-spirited people the world over, have united in a mighty effort to bring relief to these stricken millions.

Immense good has, of course, been accomplished; many a body and soul has been kept together, or when beyond man's aid the poor sufferer has found spiritual salvation; but in the face of this overwhelming flood of sickness, sorrow, and starvation, human effort at alleviation is pathetically inadequate, not from the lack of good will or the spirit of self-sacrifice, but through sheer inability of coping with such a colossal calamity.

At Our Lady's Orphanage

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

WE LOST the first of our orphans today. His name, Paul Tan. His age, fifteen. When Paul first came to us he was practically dying of hunger. He, like so many who have tasted the bitterness of famine, never got over the effects of his near starvation.

Most of the Chinese have a terrible fear of death. It fell to my lot to wash Paul and put new clothes on him and place him in his coffin. Perhaps, in years to come, I shall get used to losing some of the many boys who come to us so terribly undernourished. But it was hard to lose the first one, and I am not ashamed to admit that when the lid was placed on Paul's coffin some of my tears were buried with him.

The sixty-sixth boy arrived today. He is not an orphan. His father is a tailor, but most of the time he cannot work because of sore eyes. The mother is sickly. There are two other boys in the family. It is impossible for five persons to live on the occasional small sums that the father may earn. I accepted this lad because this is not only an Orphanage but also a Home for Destitute boys. And certainly you will agree that this lad was destitute.

This is the end of the Chinese New Year celebration. The various shops run in connection with our Lady's Orphanage have reopened. We now have a tailor shop, barber shop, cloth-making and towel-making shop, shoemaker's shop, and finally a carpenter shop. We run these shops for two



European

Tragedy in her eyes. One of the aged refugees from the war zone.

reasons. The first is that our boys, after graduating from primary school, may learn a trade right here in the Orphanage rather than that they should be sent out to pagan homes. Secondly, we are trying to make this Institute self-supporting. One of the shops is now showing a little profit, another is making expenses, but the rest are still operated at a slight loss. It will yet be many a year before Our Lady's Orphanage will be self-supporting, and until then we depend on the generosity of our friends and benefactors to help us feed, clothe, educate and train our orphans and destitute boys.

THE GRANDEST gift our boys receive these days is a piece of string! These are kite days and we are religiously saving every piece of string that comes our way. But there isn't enough string to go around, and several lads have kites but no strings for them. If only we would receive more packages from friends in the States, so we could make our boys happy with the strings that tie them!

Great excitement in the city, and the news of it even filtered into the Orphanage. A young girl had an argument with her mother. The girl decided that she was just one person too many in this world. During the night she took an overdose of opium and died about noon of the following day. She was buried a few hours later. The next morning the body was found several feet from the grave. Ghouls had dug up the remains and stolen the new clothes. Somehow the

word went around that the girl was still living. The priest was called for, to see if he could save her life, but when I got there I found she must have been dead several hours. It is not at all impossible, though, that the girl was still living at the time of her burial.

TODAY I received a letter from Fr. Jeremiah, the highly-successful and zealous missionary of Lullincha, my former Mission. I had sent him a sample of the towels that were made here in our Orphanage. It is at Father's own suggestion that I quote from his letter: "I hung the sample of the towel in our dispensary room, not intending to more than advertise your fine work. But one Christian came in and insisted he wanted the towel and was willing to pay even a few cents more than the regular price. In no time the towel was gone, and I thought that would be the end of my business career. But lo and behold! An avalanche of Christians, catechumens and pagans descended upon me. Each one wanted to buy some of Father Nicholas' towels, so well made, so cheap! And in that way they could help Our Lady's Orphanage." Well, the upshot of it was that Father Jeremiah sent us an order for about four hundred towels! Sorry I can't send towels to America—it wouldn't pay. But think of the profit we could make (almost 100%) if some friends in the States would send us the money to buy the material for the towels!

Another death amongst our orphans. Cholera has broken out, and two of our lads contracted the dread disease. One of the boys had a mild case, and he was soon better. But the other lad was an extremely virulent case. Complications set in. For three days and three nights I had to be with the boy almost constantly. But there was consolation in his death. If the lad had not been in the Mission he would have died somewhere along the roadside, unattended, unmourned, and at his death some charitable pagan might have contributed an old piece of bamboo matting. The poor boy would have been wrapped in that and then put in a hole in the ground. No one would have permitted the lad under their roof whilst he was sick, for a Chinese superstition has it that there is a curse on the home in which a stranger dies.

Instead the boy died in the priest's arms, with a smile on his lips and a Crucifix in his hands. His companions attended the funeral, each with a white armband (white is the color of mourning in China) and a white paper flower. After the blessing and

the prayers at the grave, each lad took off the paper flower he was wearing and threw it on the coffin. Almost every week, when our boys go out for a walk or some other recreation, they pass the graves of their former companions and stop to say a prayer for the repose of their souls.

War, pestilence—and then there are the bandits. Yesterday some sixty bandits made their appearance in a town about fifteen miles from here. They demanded money and a free meal. They were so hungry that they wanted the meal first. Whilst they were eating one of the citizens sent an S.O.S. for the home guard of a nearby town. They came and the bandits fled. But then the home guard demanded several free meals, more money than the bandits. They just helped themselves to everything that took their fancy. And so another citizen sent another S.O.S. It was addressed to the bandits and read: "Please come back and be our own home guard, to save us from the other home guard!"

Something happened today which reminds me of the time when I first came to China and my struggles with the intricacies of the Chinese language. Father Basil Bauer, C.P., has charge of a very flourishing mission. Many of his people belong to a certain tribe called the "Miao." This tribe has a language all its own, and it is entirely different from the Chinese language. Father Basil sent a lad to the Orphanage who was brought up amongst the Miao, though his parents did not belong to the tribe. And here you have a case of a Chinese boy, born and raised in China, who

cannot speak the Chinese language. But he is a bright lad and in less than a year he will know more of the Chinese language than I have learned since I first entered the country.

Boys are boys and will be boys the world over. It's examination day at school. Five boys are missing at Mass this morning. I go looking for them and find them all in bed. Each tells me his tummy hurts. "All right. Epsom salts for each of you when I come back from Church," I tell them. But after Mass I find them all up and around and CURED! Evidently they feared the Epsom salts more than the examinations!

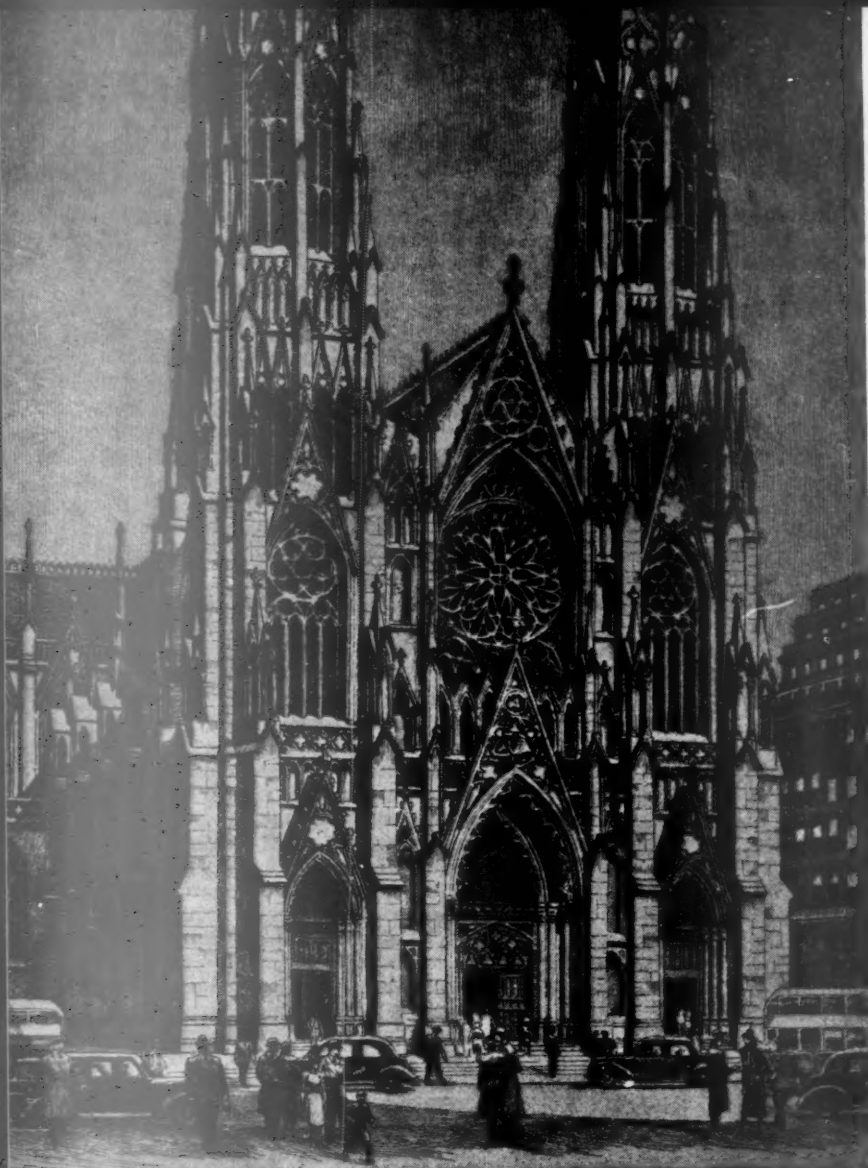
THIS is a gala day at Our Lady's Orphanage. Some time ago my boys were asking me to tell them about the Holy Father. I did and then suggested that they send a letter to the Holy Father themselves. The next day they brought me both a letter and a Spiritual Bouquet. What was our happy surprise to receive an answer signed by the former Apostolic Delegate to the United States and the Legate of our Holy Father to the Chicago Eucharistic Congress. There was also the signature of Archbishop Celsus Constantini, former Apostolic Delegate to China.

The letter reads: "The Spiritual Bouquet which the boys of the Orphanage compiled as a token of their love and devotion to the common Father of all, was presented to the Holy Father and most willingly accepted. The prayers and good works of these boys, since they are from those beloved of the Sacred Heart beyond all others, ascend to heaven and prevail before the throne of God imploring peace and every good for the universal Church and the most beloved Republic of China. Because of this the Holy Father has been pleased to accept it and lovingly impart to you and all the boys the Apostolic blessing."

May we call the attention of the readers of THE SIGN to one sentence in particular in the letter quoted above? Our Lady's Orphans are referred to as "those most beloved of the Sacred Heart" and "their prayers and good works ascend to heaven and prevail before the throne of God." All our good benefactors are daily remembered in the prayers of the orphans and destitute boys. Each noon the Litany of Our Lady is recited before the Blessed Sacrament in thanksgiving, and for the welfare of the benefactors and benefactresses of Our Lady's Orphanage.



Youth and old age are represented in these members of a Catholic family in the Passionist Missions of Hunan. The few "old Christians" are looking forward eagerly to the time when proper attention can be given to the education of youthful Catholics.



St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue

Saint Patrick's Cathedral

By EMMANUEL TRAINOR, C.P.

With two new etchings by ANDREW KAROLY and LOUIS SZANTO

NEW YORK CITY is not easily described in a single phrase. If we call it "the 20th Century on an Island" we have at least given our imagination something to work on. The phrase localizes all that is good and bad in this day's civilization. The achievements of man's mind are here in every form, on display before the world. Whatever is good and bad in human nature dwells in

the citizens of this amazing city. Saints live their lives in exalted equilibrium with the divine balance; and the vices of the race, like fetid vapors, repulse the nostrils of the nation's.

The city is a humming hive of modernity, and it would not be surprising if its people regarded as curios the evidences of an age as different from ours as night from day.

Yet side by side, in the heart of New York, stand the stone testimonials of the spirit of the 20th and of the 13th Centuries. To vast numbers of the populace the latter memorial is as much a piece with the pattern of modern life, as the former. If we stand between Rockefeller Centre and St. Patrick's Cathedral, we may find the contrast as interesting as the distinctness of their particular appearances; and if we step within the blessing of the Cathedral's portals we may discover the pertinence of its stay on this "Island of the 20th Century."

The builders would scarcely have dreamed that their Cathedral could one day be described as "nestling in the forest of Manhattan." St. Patrick's must have looked majestically tall, in days not long past. Its massive, buttressed walls lifting the steep, peaked roof far from the earth, its spires thrusting with lofty grace into the sky—there could have been no doubt that the Cathedral would dominate the Avenue in life-long presidency.

Today its stateliness must vie with the towering piles of Rockefeller Centre. They hover overhead, shadowing the Gothic flèches with their sombre seriousness. This is hardly proper. We scarcely expect the playhouse of the nation, conceived in man's quest for entertainment, to heave itself with straight matter-of-factness to that square, flat top. The Cathedral, which had its origin in the very grave business of man's quest for God, sends its spires climbing gladly off the street, to mount playfully over the shoulders of crowding turrets and up through a maze of cheerful arabesques to a perfectly happy—what? A point that is like a sigh of contentment; and I charge you to find an expression of happiness more simply complete than a contented sigh.

The Centre is an ambitious monument of man's efforts to divert his attention from the troublesome cares of life. Elevators race to its dizzy roof with countless pleasure-seeking mortals. When they get there, what do they do? They look down, back to the world from which they fled. On the pinnacles of St. Patrick's there is no place for people to stand and look down. Because they are meant to draw people's eyes away from the ground, on up into the azure depths, even to where their souls will one time be free from the encumbering earth.

It matters not at all that the Cathedral's architectural prominence has been diminished by its supersized neighbors. The church is

definitely and manifestly a house of prayer, and prayer derives no proportion from the largeness of the temple wherein it is formulated.

Walk in from the crowded thoroughfare on a summer afternoon. There is the dim, long nave; and when your eyes have pierced its gloom, they sweep up the heights of the great columns to the distant ceilings. It is grandly impressive, just the bigness and spaciousness of it. The atmosphere is diffused, however, with something that could not come from any grandeur of hewn stone. Reverence pervades the sacred edifice. You sense it first, perhaps, in the bent heads of the people kneeling here and there in the pews. Or you may gain it from the flickering votive lights, gleaming before the shrines of the Saints. Walk up the aisle on the right side, and you see visitors bending their knees to the floor before an altar standing white against the gray wall. Your awareness of an invisible Presence quickens.

Is this the prejudiced imagination of one whose faith is a key to hidden mystery? I think not. Sit in the shadow of the wall and watch the people who come and go. Up the marble flags of the aisle comes the intermittent tat-tat of ladies' high-heeled shoes. Decisively the clear staccato sound advances on past you and up to the white altar. Others of these tapping heels follow their owners in leisurely progress from shrine to altar, on around the Cathedral in a tour of curiosity. But note how even these speak in subdued tones; reverence guards every move of carriage and gesture.

Is it admiration for the exquisite cutting of cold stone, or for the warm color of the storied windows? Or is it merely courtesy for those who are absorbed in prayer? Can we not surmise that in some fashion, perhaps vaguely, perhaps quite clearly, these strangers of an alien creed recognize that they are guests of an unseen Person, worthy of their deepest veneration?

I sat and watched a middle-aged woman, dressed in black, working in the sanctuary, scrubbing the base of

the pulpit. When she had finished her task she collected her pails and brushes and took possession of the Cathedral. She did it quite simply: she knelt before the white altar, and bent her head in humble adoration.

The charwoman was more than a link with the past. Her presence here was a vivid reminder of the history of the Cathedral's building. It was largely with the pennies of such as she that the Cathedral had been paid for. And although she might not know the value of its treasures she had demonstrated a title to the Cathedral by living up to that specification of the authority on ecclesiastical etiquette: "Praise the Lord: You that stand in the house of the Lord."

The vast church is like a well in the heart of the city, where the din of thundering motors and the squealing of tires is drowned, and the heavy murmur of many voices gives place to the inaudible whisper of prayer. The shafted rays of the sun search through the semi-darkness, pausing now to warm the stone mantle of a sculptured saint, again to caress the shoulders of an aspirant to sainthood. Secure in its record of service, the Cathedral stands like a dignified old patriarch, a promise of security for the future. Its neighbors look down condescendingly upon it. They are shadows on the rock. When the shadows have vanished, the rock will still be there.



Sunbeams in St. Patrick's

CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

NEWSPAPER SERVICE

• *WHAT you get from your daily newspaper is accurately, albeit humorously, described by Arthur W. Porter in the "Weekly Review":*

Penny the lot,
News all hot,
Society scandal and murder plot.
Generous rations
Of latest fashions,
Tasty titbits for all the passions.
How to get wed
And what has been said
Of the likely procedure after you're dead—
What every wiseacre
Or Indian fakir
Thinks are the methods of God your Maker.
Peccadilloes
Of which nobody knows
Frankly and faithfully we expose.
What's that you reply?
You think we should try
To combat the vices we sternly decry?
The louder we yell
The more we sell,
Surely you don't expect action as well?
What is your fate?
What the stars state
Here we present to you, bang up to date,
House-proud and slattern
Learn how your life's pattern
Is shaped by the orbits of Venus and Saturn.
If you've a sorrow
Or trouble, don't borrow
A pistol to shoot yourself, write us tomorrow.
Advice we'll give free
So consolatory
That your gloom will be changed to gladness
and glee.
No need for thought
About what you ought
Or oughtn't to do
Once our paper you've bought.
Prurience, sentiment, each spicy condiment
Sops for your vanities, every and any,
Potted and canned by a generous hand,
And brought to your table for only one penny.

CROCODILE TEARS

• *WRITING in "Collier's" Winston Churchill describes well certain American and British characteristics:*

There is, it must be admitted, a certain air of humbug about the verbiage in which we are accustomed to wrap our decisions. If either the United States or Great Britain wishes to build a warship it begins by setting up a most melancholy howl about the great horrors of war. Then follow fervid protestations about their unquenchable love of peace. After this has gone on for some time they vote the money and start driving the

rivets. All the while they keep assuring themselves, and explaining to others, that the vessel they are building is not really a warship but a peace ship. True, as it develops, it looks like a warship; it has cannons that fire projectiles with high explosives inside them, which to the unregenerate eye might seem capable of doing harm. But the English-speaking peoples know that this would be a mistaken impression. These particular projectiles, if viewed aright, do only good when they burst, and their only purpose is to spread as widely as possible peace and good will among men.

CURSE OF STATISTICS

• *OUR happy lot before the present prevalent curse of statistics is described by Hilaire Belloc in the "Tablet" of London:*

Before the curse of statistics fell upon mankind we lived a happy, innocent life, full of merriment and go, and informed by fairly good judgment. We knew when the weather was cold and when it was dry; we knew what public opinion was; we knew what was good for us and what was bad for us, and all the rest. That state of affairs lasted for centuries. It was too good to last. The statistician was let loose. He came in the train of Discovery and the rest. He was part of Progress. He took up his authority in a world which could only count and was ceasing to think or to feel. He appealed to those who had learned to read figures and to add up and to multiply and to spell, but who had learned nothing else, who were even rapidly unlearning all things worth knowing. Until the coming of this enemy to the human mind, we rejoiced in the spring weather, and we said: "What a delightful day!" We did not know that the rainfall was .00215 above the average. We were indignant to hear of a brutal murder. We did not know that brutal murders wax and wane with the waxing and waning of sun-spots—flourishing when these are extensive, halting when these are less. We knew that a good bottle of wine was a good bottle of wine, and a bottle of methylated was something quite other. Now we learn from statistics that each has such and such an amount—"percentage" they call it—of a whimsy dubbed "Alcohol," and that therefore wine and methylated are the same. We knew an Englishman when we saw him. We did not know that the facial angle, the cephalic index, let alone the lachrymary gland, could prove by figures that Englishmen were not Englishmen at all, but something other. We knew that we had to die, but we did not know that the average expectation of life in anyone who had reached the age of five years and forty-two days was—whatever it is. Our childhood was the less troubled. We knew that flying into a passion was undignified, futile and (for the apoplectic) dangerous. But no one strapped little gadgets around our arms and talked mumbo-jumbo about blood pressure, and proved us ready for heaven. We knew when we were oppressed by taxation, we knew when the oppression had become intolerable, and having sound general instincts in the matter, we could correct the evil.

A PROPHECY

• IN HIS new book "Across the Frontiers" Philip Gibbs reports a conversation had with Cardinal Gasparri concerning the Japanese threat:

I heard a prophecy about them (the Japanese) some time ago. It was from a very wise old man who knew almost everything about foreign affairs. His name was Cardinal Gasparri, once Secretary of State to the Vatican, which is well informed on these subjects.

"Shall I tell you what the real danger is for Europe?" asked this old gentleman, in a black gown with a red sash and a red skullcap, who stood under the glimmer of light from a candelabra in a Roman salon peering at me with watery eyes because of his great age.

We had been discussing the dangers to European civilization, not least of which, he thought, was the rearmament of all the nations suspicious and afraid.

"Japan," he reminded me, "has captured Manchuria. Next she will dominate China. There will be six hundred million Asiatics under discipline. A Japanese gentleman said to me the other day: 'When that happens Europe will have to be careful.' . . . That is true. Europe will have to be careful! It is better that the European nations stand together. It is indeed urgently necessary. Even now Japanese competition is becoming irresistible in the world's markets. The Japanese laborer works ten hours a day for ten sous an hour. What can we do against that? His cheap production has already destroyed England's cotton industry in the East. Meanwhile European nations are quarreling and rearming for another war. That is the way of suicide. It is very unwise, don't you think?"

IF JAPAN WINS

• PEARL S. BUCK makes a prognostication of what will happen if Japan wins the war with China. From "The World and the Victor" in "Asia":

Japan may win. That is, she may win to the extent of being able to dictate the terms of the compromise which will be called peace. What then? Then it is she who will build up China. Her industries will put up factories there, the Chinese markets will be her markets, and in the resulting prosperity Japan will be stronger and more Japanese than ever. Her present policies will become the policies of the Orient. She will dictate the terms upon which other powers must deal with China, and the terms will be those of as much exclusion as possible. Japan will become not only a first-class power but a superpower, holding in her hands the Orient. Her swollen pride will immediately lead her to further conquest. She will think of territory and of power unmatched since the days of the Roman Empire.

The victory of Japan will mean a great deal more than the victory in this war. It will mean the triumph in the Orient of the imperialistic and fascistic ideas of a militarist nation. It will mean that the world must immediately see to it that armament is matched for armament to an even greater extent than now, for further wars will be inevitable. Japan will have the resources for further war as soon as she can make use of China. If war is postponed because of the time it will take to reorganize China, at least these wars will threaten because of the bickerings and resentments which will come from those nations deprived of their hopes in the Orient.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

• ACCORDING to J. D. Ratcliff in "McCalls," the Brooklyn Public Library has set up a baby-naming service. It is well patronized, as the following indicates:

About 375 people per month go shopping for names at the Brooklyn Library and its branches. Names, apparently, are more important to prospective fathers than to prospective mothers, for male applicants for the service far outnumber females. About forty-five per cent of all applicants are Jews. Then come Negroes. An occasional Chinese seeks advice, and there have even been a few Hindus. Irish and Italian people rarely appear, apparently preferring to select names for their progeny from the Catholic Church's book of saints.

As demand for this service has increased, librarians have found it necessary to standardize routine. Applicants are first given such reference books as *Your Name and Your Personality*; *What Shall We Name the Baby?*; *Baptismal or Confirmation Names*; and *Dictionary of Given Names*. If these fail, clients are referred to the card file which contains 700,000 names. If this too fails, librarians will then coin names and have coined such masterpieces as Iamboy, Filmpitz and Stottaway.

In most cases Jews seek modernized versions of ancient Biblical names; Julian for Jacob, Seymour for Saul, and other similar transitions. One Jewish woman who applied for help was in a dilemma. She wanted to name her child, which she hoped would be a boy, for his father. But she couldn't. It was out of the question. The father's name was Adolph. She settled for Alden. The occasional Chinese or Hindu that comes seeking a name is generally satisfied with the commonest names of all: John, James, William, Mary.

Negroes frequently get inspiration for names from headlines. Thus, after the death in France of Theodore Roosevelt's son Quentin, there was a rash of Quentins. After Lindbergh's notable flight in 1927 Charles Augustus became a Negro favorite, and at present it is Franklin Delano. Where the Puritans leaned toward nouns for given names—Purity, Faith, Hope, Charity—Negroes prefer adjectives: Speedy, Lucky, Sober, Contrite. They will borrow names from candy and cigar boxes, from billboards, railroad timetables, and books. Librarians have encountered such names as Alabaster, Sarcophagus, Flot and Jet chosen by Negroes before their imagination gave out and they had to seek help.

THE INTELLIGENT HAVE BELIEFS

• IN AN address on "Education versus Propaganda," Dr. Levering Tyson makes some remarks which should be heeded by the younger generation:

We do not want a generation of youth schooled against the enthusiasm of conviction and belief, who might become schooled against proof—or even worse, schooled against belief itself. Young people in this country need to be taught not how to keep from believing in anything, not how to keep from being enthusiastic about anything; not how to keep from having faith in anything—but need badly to see that there are reliable and dependable ways of arriving at beliefs; that intelligent people can come enthusiastically to hold valid beliefs; that intelligent and cultured people do hold beliefs and faiths and manifest enthusiasm for them without losing standing in the eyes of other intelligent people; and that these people advocate belief in what they believe without selfish motives.



Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

RICHES AND POVERTY

• MR. VINCENT's letter in the August issue of *THE SIGN* regarding an earlier editorial about him on this page is humorous and argumentative, both of which qualities all controversial letters should have. But I wish he had not used that well-worn remark about a man not reading a woman's page since it is not meant for him. Thinking over my correspondence produced by this page I think myself it should be headed *Woman to Woman*—and *Man*, for I get many letters from men.

And I wish he had not over-emphasized the one little, little sentence about rich men's sons being made vice-presidents. I know that is not a vital thing. I know those jobs would settle no national economic ills. But I know also that if thousands of people stay hungry over many years, if they see their children weaken and die under what a priest once called an involuntary vow of poverty, if they see too many pictures of heedless rich throwing away money in foolish extravagances, if they listen too long to false prophets who preach hate, if they are too often put out of the little homes they worked hard to own and see too many rotogravures of castles in Florida or California—then we might come to a point where a single rich man's son's useless job could precipitate a riot—or worse. Great forests have perished from one small match carelessly tossed away.

Nor was I greatly set at peace or lured by Mr. Vincent's picture of us as a country where there are fine automobiles and vacuum cleaners and colleges and everything pertaining to the cult of comfort—not when I turn a few pages from Mr. Vincent's letter and find in that same issue of *THE SIGN* a clipping headed "American Serfdom." Not when I read of paid strike-breakers' cruelty in those mills which refuse to grant their men the right of a living wage. Not when I see the unemployed in Harlem cluster around a Communist orator who is bidding them laugh at Capitalist promises of pie in the sky bye and bye. Not when I read of the bitter fight being waged to keep a minimum wage bill from passing—a bill which guarantees only a little over ten dollars a week to workers.

RED AND PINK

• I AM reminded of a long ago cartoon by Art Young—showing a group of people eating and dancing gaily and in the cellar under them a group of ragged people with quite obviously no reason for dancing and no food to eat. Up through the floor came a great hand, splintering it. As I recall it, neither the submerged nor the ones on top were as yet aware of the hand. But it was obvious they soon would be.

I certainly have no fight with Capitalism as such, but I do object to the servile state it has produced. No single word in my article shows that I object to Capitalism, nor can I see where I could be accused of being "pink" either. It is really too bad that the color of red is so associated with Communism that the moment anyone gets indignant at existing wrongs one turns that shade according to expert critics. If I am red

it is that I am red with indignation and pink with shame at the unchristianity of Christians.

But red is used for other things than to show political opinions. It is the sign of danger. It is the signal that says halt. And it implies look and listen.

Of course I admit the tax situation is bad. Yet at that we are not taxed anything like England, whose conservative successful management of situations most of us admire. If selfish Capitalism had not turned out so many robber barons or had not fostered wars in order to make greater fortunes or else to conserve the great ones it already had, if it had not underpaid its workers in order to add to its own coffers and power—we might not today be taxed so much. There was a time when it might all have been resolved from within, by the Christian conduct of those who had toward those who had not. Instead it has been on the principle of foreclosing the mortgage on the widow because the law allowed it. But now it looks as if, thanks to such selfish blundering, the men who have little or nothing are going to battle their way to a decent standard of living.

My candidate for President of these United States was and still is Saint Francis of Assisi. And even for him I think it would be a stiff job.

SUMMING UP

• FROM a newspaper book review I take what pretty well sums up the situation, showing how the inner man will have to change before Christianity is well understood by many of those who call themselves Christian. At Hillhouse, writes the author of a recent book on the South, there is a co-operative backed by Sherwood Eddy, which seemed to the author a sound project, for one reason because it was not charity which so many of the resettlement projects seemed to him to be—until he reflected that Sam Franklin who ran it for love would be worth twenty-five thousand a year to any corporation! Therefore, said he, that project too is essentially charity.

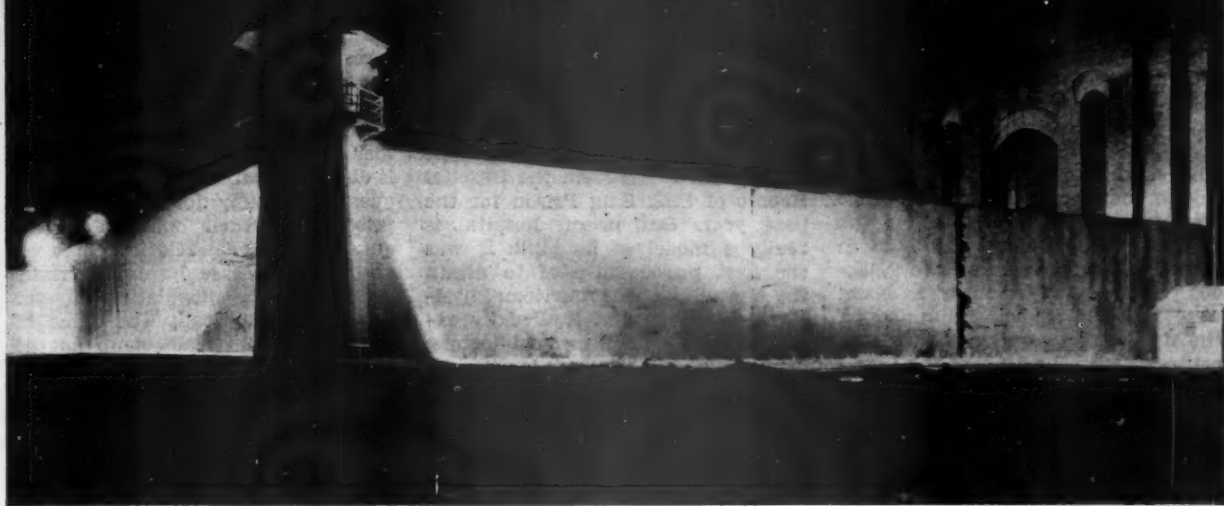
And there, Mr. Vincent and any other dear reader who thinks I am naïve in my views, is what is wrong with the state and the world. If a man lives in such a way that he makes no money but merely improves the condition of men, all he does is charity when he is so efficient that he could make real gold and silver money somewhere else. The fact that he may be laying up treasure in heaven is apparently not to be considered. Our state of mind certainly needs housecleaning.

RELIGION OF ANGELS

• SPEAKING of angels, the Saint Paul's Guild magazine mentions that among the people who strayed into its very attractive shop on Fifty-Seventh Street in New York one day were a woman and her little girl. While the mother was looking through the books, the child straying about found the little figure of an angel and brought it to her mother to admire. The latter in a loud whisper bade her put it back where she found it. "Angels," she whispered reprovingly, "are Catholic."

Is Crime Disease?

By JOHN P. McCAFFREY



ACME PHOTO

The Relations Between Crime and Disease Are Set Forth By One Who Finds His Conclusions on Facts Rather Than on Theories

IT IS always easier to get the theory than the facts. The real test, of course, of any theory is fact. Many of our modern scientists, especially in the field of criminology, reverse the process. They pick the facts to fit the theory. It is hard for them to be objective. In the field of human behavior strange theories are rampant and reluctantly given up in the face of facts.

We have been considering the tendency to explain crime on body factors. Darwin's studies in evolution fascinated Lombroso and sent him hunting for the so-called "stigmata" of crime. Believing that the offender was a biological freak, a throwback to the days of the cave men, born out of time on the stage of today, he devoted his talents to proving the validity of these physical marks of the offender.

In time Lombroso's studies caught the mind of our modern Behaviorists who fall back on body factors to explain human conduct, and especially crime. Their studies may be summed up in this thesis: "All crime is due to disease." Their hope for the future is expressed in the formula: "Hospitalize the offender." "Substitute clinics for prisons." The surgeon's knife and the physician's medicine chest are the touchstones of refor-

mation. They see nothing in character building. Mind factors go out the window. Soul factors are denied. The mind is just the brain and thought, the end product of the spinal cord. Very logically they fasten on the body as the place to work the cure.

Let us assume for awhile that the modern Behaviorists are correct; that their theory is true. If crime is disease, then a prison should be filled with sick people and conversely the extramural population should be far healthier than the inmates of prison. This is surely a fair deduction from their premises; but what about the facts, the deadly theory-toppling facts that prick the bubble of fantastic scientific dreams and upset the apple cart of "sob sister" criminologists who hate the idea of punishment and responsibility.

The first set of facts is taken from the report of the Department of Correction of New York State. The years taken were from 1910 to 1920, a period of ten years. These facts covered all the men in our state prisons for ten years. There is no need to give in detail the full survey, enumerating the number of men daily in bed, the number of admissions to the hospital, the reports of the surgical operations.

We found these headlights: the lowest percentage of sickness was 1.8% of the total population for a year. The highest percentage was 3.8%. The general average over the ten-year period for all the criminals of the prisons of New York State was between 2 and 3%. The scholastics say: "*Actio sequitur esse.*" If the theory of the Behaviorists is true, if crime is disease, then logically we ought to find a prevalence of disease among offenders in prisons. The facts in this survey prove that the percentage of sickness of offenders is not greater than the known facts of the general population.

LET us take a look at the facts of the general population. These facts were gathered mainly by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Surveys were made of groups insured against sickness. Others were taken in different sections of the United States, rural and city, colored and white. About 2% of 1,126,657 persons surveyed were disabled by sickness on an average spring day (1915-1917). The majority of this population was tabulated in the months of March and April when respiratory diseases are less frequent and the findings were probably more favorable than they would have been

if the survey comprised the winter months. The days lost by men per year were 8.3; by women 8.4.

The most recent (1935-1936) sickness statistics made available by the survey of the National Health Institute brought out these two salient facts.

(1) Six million people in the United States are unable to work, attend school, or pursue other usual activities, each day during the winter months on account of illness, injury, or gross physical impairment resulting from disease or accident. This estimate is arrived at by applying to the population of the whole country the results obtained in the National Health Survey (1935-36) in which 4.5% of the more than 2,300,000 persons surveyed in urban areas were reported as being disabled on the day of the canvass. This figure contrasts with the 2%+ of the 1,126,657 persons surveyed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company who were disabled on an average spring day (1915-17).

The Proportion of 2,308,588 Persons in 81 Cities Disabled on the Day of Visit Were by Age.

All Ages	4.5
Under 15	4.2
15-24	2.5
25-64	4.4
65+	12.1

Our men in prison fall into all the age classes and the comparison of the sickness of prison inmates to the facts revealed in this most authentic and extensive survey seems to indicate that the sick people are not in prison but in the world outside prison walls. On the basis of all the facts it can be proven that the theory that crime is disease is false. Crime is certainly more than disease—crime in most cases is sin—medicine and surgeons do not cure sin. But this is another matter.

IT is difficult to get accurate sickness facts for the general population. This difficulty arises from the general nature of the fact finding. It is likewise true that it is difficult to get the true facts in prison. This is due to the tendency of prisoners to feign sickness to escape a difficult work assignment or for other reasons. At any rate if this is discarded the percentage of jail sickness will drop. All the evidence we have points to the fact that men in prison have a little edge on the outside population in the matter of health and sickness. It seems to be true that generally we find the same condition inside that we do outside. For after all, these men in prison come from the outside and represent the same

set of physical facts found in the outside world. The percentage of sickness is just as low in prisons as it is outside; a good indication of the truth that men in prison are as normal physically as those outside. The facts prove that we will have to look elsewhere for the cause of crime. If crime be disease, then we should find much disease among offenders; but the facts show that this is not so. Therefore, the conclusion is valid that crime is not due to disease.

IT MAY be interesting to add some statistics taken from the Hospital Report of Sing Sing Prison for the past year. Our prison hospital is really a model of its kind. It was the first prison hospital to attain the A grading of the American Physicians and Surgeons. Staffed by excellent surgeons and medical doctors, the work it accomplishes is remarkable. Its surgical record both in number of operations and low percentage of mortality is unusual.

Last year the total admissions were 2103. There were 416 surgical operations, 167 major and 222 minor. Unclassified eye operations totaled 59. Of the new men 20 to 25% were found to have syphilis by positive Wassermann and spinal fluid tests, and 1515 men were found to be blood healthy. Treatment in the Salvarsan Clinic were given to 425 new men and others who needed it. Of the 2103, 4 or 5%, or 129, were found to be drug addicts. The general public has been led to believe that 50% of the men in prison are drug addicts.

Most of the major surgery was not emergency. There were 57 appendectomies, 38 hemorrhoidectomies, and 32 herniotomies. The daily admissions averaged 5.7; the average daily census was 56. The general percentage of sickness was 2%+.

While the list of surgical operations seems very large, this is due to the eagerness of the inmates to take advantage of the skilled surgeons who are attached to the hospital or supplement the surgical staff. The work of Dr. Knapp, Dr. Walker, Dr. Townsend, and Dr. Mulcahy, all highly skilled visiting surgeons, is a splendid volunteer contribution to the success of the surgical work at the hospital done mainly by Doctors Sweet, Kearney, and McCracken. It is true that a great many of these operations were not emergency and absolutely necessary, and many, if on the street, would have neglected to have their physical faults corrected.

With the possible exception of venereal disease (and we find that 20 to 25% of the new men entering prison have syphilis) the men in

prison are factually on a par with men in the outside world as far as sickness and health is concerned. Of course, it is difficult to estimate the venereal facts of the outside world. It is hard to believe that the same percentage holds there. Yet I have heard specialists say that they thought that 20 to 25% of the general population is so afflicted. It is interesting to note that in the course of the year very few men are treated for conditions of the endocrine glands.

Finally, in summing up the argument against the theory that crime is disease, I want to state that I have questioned many doctors working in prisons and their opinions on the question of the relation between crime and disease have universally been that the population of our prisons is practically the same in health and physical set-up as the population of the outside world. In other words, the theory that crime is disease is just another fraud shattered by the facts.

On February 6th, Professor George H. Dession of the Yale Law School summed up some recent experiments in the cure of crime through medical science and psychiatry.

ONE must venture beyond the realm of medical science and psychiatry and seek sanctions or justifications which they cannot supply in an effort to determine, not merely what can be done with a given offender as a practical matter of the moment, but even what should be done with him under more satisfactory hypothetical conditions. The psychiatrist may be able to describe a given offender. He may shed considerable light on the factors which conditioned his development and present state. It is within his province to indicate to what extent the offender may prove amenable to treatment and to what kind of treatment. But there existing science stops. The most stubborn fact in the situation is that the maladjustments of many offenders are found to be too complicated or deep rooted to yield to any generally available educational or therapeutic régime. Clear-cut cures comparable to those produced within a short time by the application of the more familiar medical procedure to ordinary and better understood ailments are still beyond the reach of available technique."

Dr. Dession's statement is a fair appraisal and sums up the situation of the possibility to cure crime through the physician's medicine chest and the surgeon's knife.

The disease theory is contrary to the facts.

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS * ANSWERS * LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Pope and Canonization of Saints

My non-Catholic friend has been reading about the Pope since he canonized three saints recently. She wants to know what prompted him to declare a human being a saint, and what authority he has for doing this.—M. M., WOODSIDE, N. Y.

The Pope does not declare some deceased person a saint without reason. The act of canonization is the end of a long process. As a rule it starts with a general feeling among the faithful that a certain Catholic was a very holy person. People start praying to him after his death. Some claim to have received a visible answer to their prayers in the form of cures and other favors. Thus the veneration of the saint spreads. Finally it becomes of such a character that a petition is sent to the Holy See to sanction the formal process of canonization. The rules of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, which has charge of such things, are followed. It must be proved by most searching investigation that the candidate for sainthood practiced the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity, and the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude to a heroic degree during life. Further, it must be proven that miracles have been wrought by God through the intercession of the subject of canonization before the process is concluded. The Sacred Congregation testifies to the perfection of the virtues of the Saint through human testimony, and God Himself by working miracles through his intercession sets the divine seal on the candidate's saintliness. After these things have been done, the Holy Father, in virtue of his supreme office as teacher of all Christians and judge in matters of faith, solemnly declares that the candidate is in heaven and enrolls his name in the catalogue of saints. Thereafter public veneration of the saint is sanctioned throughout the whole Church.

Addressing Catholic Invalidly Married

Should one address a Catholic woman, who contracted marriage outside the Church, by her married name or her maiden name? Isn't she still unmarried in the eyes of Catholics?—BELFAST.

Instructed Catholics know that when the faithful attempt marriage in defiance of the law of the Church they are not married, and they also know how the Church regards them. However, as such people are regarded by the civil law as married, it is not a denial of one's faith

in sacramental marriage or conniving at disobedience to the Church's sacred laws to give them the usual titles of address. This is merely civil courtesy. There are many ways in which the faithful can show their displeasure without offense to charity or civil honor.

Bridesmaid Not Required to Be Confirmed

Is it required by the Church that a bridesmaid be confirmed, in order to be allowed to stand up at a Catholic wedding?—MASS.

The Canon Law does not prescribe that the two formal witnesses required in a Catholic marriage, (usually called bridesmaid and best man), should have received the Sacrament of Confirmation. The essential qualities of such witnesses are that they have the use of reason and can testify to the celebration of the marriage. Of course, in Catholic marriages only Catholics in good standing should be employed.

Sins in Married State

Will you please tell me what sins are committed in the married state besides the sin of birth control (artificial contraception)?—N. N.

This is not the proper place to discuss the matter. Personal questions of conscience should be brought to the attention of one's confessor, who will give pertinent information. We recommend *Plain Talks on Marriage* by Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O.F.M., (\$1.00, cloth; 30 cents paper.) *Morals and Marriage* by T. G. Wayne (\$1.25) is also very good. Both books do something better than merely discuss the sins which may be committed in the married state; they treat of the positive excellence of the state and the moral beauty attaching to the fulfillment of its duties. Only when these points are clearly understood can one realize the deformity of doctrines and actions not in conformity with them.

Godmother By Proxy: Age of Confirmation and First Communion: Marriage Between Catholic and Jew in Rectory

(1) Can I be a godmother by proxy to a child living in San Francisco, and, if so, how can this be arranged? (2) At what age can a child be confirmed? (3) Can he be

confirmed before making his first Holy Communion? (4) When was the age of seven considered the age of reason when a child should receive first Holy Communion? (5) How can a Catholic marry a Jew in the priest's house? I understand that for a Catholic to be married by a priest the other party to the marriage must be at least baptized in some Christian sect.—NEWARK, N. J.

(1) Canon 765 of the Code of Canon Law allows one to act the part of godparent in Baptism by means of a proxy. Canon 795 allows the same thing in the Sacrament of Confirmation. This matter should be arranged between your Pastor and the Pastor of the child to be baptized.

(2) In the Latin Church the Sacrament of Confirmation should be administered when the child is around seven years of age, according to the Instruction of the S. Congregation of the Discipline of the Sacraments issued in 1932.

(3) According to the above Instruction, the child should receive Confirmation before making its first Holy Communion, yet when it has arrived at the age of reason, it may communicate even though it has not been confirmed.

(4) The age of discretion was decided to be the seventh year, more or less, by the Sacred Congregation of the Discipline of the Sacraments in the Decree *Quam Singulari* on August 8, 1910.

(5) Mixed marriages, that is those between Catholics and baptized non-Catholics, and marriages between Catholics and unbaptized non-Catholics, are forbidden. The Jews belong to the second class. If a dispensation has been obtained from the impediment of mixed religion (first class) or of disparity of worship (second class), the marriage must be performed outside the church. The custom in this country is to celebrate them in the rectory.

"Diary of a Country Priest:" Devotion to St. Martha

(1) Will you kindly give me your opinion of the book by Georges Bernanos entitled "The Diary of a Country Priest?" It does not seem to me to have a real Catholic tone, despite the praise that it has received from the reviewers. (2) Can you tell me something about the prayer to St. Martha, which guarantees that one's request will be granted, if it is said on nine Tuesdays.—M. M., ARLINGTON, N. J.

(1) *The Diary of a Country Priest* has been uniformly praised as an excellent piece of literary work, but it appears that the author has overweighted the scales against his subject, the better to accentuate his struggles and the more clearly to bring out the excellence of holiness of life. There is, too, an atmosphere of morbid introspection which makes the priest appear rather a strange and lonely creature, battling with all kinds of difficulties, which very likely do not trouble the average priest in the U. S., whether he lives in the city or in the country. The latter are more liable to worry about getting money to pay their church debts. Latin authors are inclined to such probings of the human heart. The book is only for mature readers. Of course, the story is not fact but fiction and written by a layman. The author belongs to a prominent school of Catholic writers in France, who besides doing fine work in the literary field, have caused considerable resentment to Catholics throughout the world for their stand on the war in Spain. They are unreasonable pacifists and incline towards sympathy for the so-called "democratic government" of Spain.

(2) As we said in the November, 1936, issue, p. 234, "all the saints are worthy of veneration, else they would not

be included in the Church's calendar and liturgy, but from what we have learned it appears that devotion to St. Martha is being exploited for commercial purposes. Exaggerated promises are made in favor of those who practice devotion to her and in some instances this devotion has the appearance of a chain-prayer superstition." We have no reason to change this opinion. In fact, the prayer which we have seen confirms us in our attitude. It has no ecclesiastical approbation, which is sufficient to condemn it, for the circulation of prayers, etc., without this approbation is contrary to Canon Law.

Reunion With Loved Ones in Heaven

Will we meet and know our parents and other loved ones who have gone before us after we die?—L. M., SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Among the accidental joys of heaven will be the society of our parents and friends, who through the mercy of God have been saved. In Holy Scripture heaven is described as a society, the house of Our Father, a banquet, a city, a kingdom in which the angels and the blessed reign with Christ in ineffable glory. Though each one of the saints differs in the share he has in the beatific vision ("In My Father's house there are many mansions"), which share is the measure of sanctifying grace in his soul at the moment of death, nevertheless the blessed will enjoy the most intimate communication, knowing each other thoroughly and loving each other as brothers and sharers in the same glory. Such friendship will certainly include parents and friends, and because of this communication the accidental felicity of heaven will be increased. (Herve, Vol. IV, *De Paradiso*, n. 625.) There is a little book by Father Blot which expands this teaching and is called *In Heaven We Know Our Own* (\$1.05, net).

Forgiveness of Injuries

Recently a merely nominal Catholic complained that the Bible contradicted itself. He referred to the texts "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, etc." and "if one strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other." Will you please explain this?—J. J. O'D., PITTSBURGH, PA.

"An eye for an eye, etc." was the Old Testament procedure, and, incidentally, perfectly just. We can have no doubt about that, for it was laid down by God Himself. Yet it is important to remember that one who lost an eye or tooth through the unjust action of another could not retaliate on his own authority, but had to exact this compensation through a judge. When the judge after hearing both sides ordered the offender to suffer the same punishment which he inflicted on his neighbor, justice was repaired. Though the old law was just in itself it was often unjust in its exercise because the motive for invoking it was frequently one of revenge and not of justice. Christ came and taught a higher morality. He taught us to be prepared to turn the other cheek rather than to be guilty of revenge. Our Lord perfected the old law by opposing the law of patience and meekness to the desire of revenge. There is no contradiction here. It is merely a difference of excellence. Christians ought to be more perfect than the Jews of the Old Testament, for the former have the doctrine and the example of Christ for their instruction and inspiration. This does not mean that we must always follow Christ's teaching literally, for it is not forbidden even in Christ's law to sue for justice when we have been injured, but true Christians

will always be scrupulous about their motives for demanding justice. There are many things hard to understand in the Bible, but this is no reason for being weak or indifferent in the practice of religion. Christ told us to "hear the Church," who will solve all our difficulties if we follow her teachings. If the faithful were more diligent in studying their religion, they would appreciate it more.

Christ Pierced on Right Side

Please explain why the sacred wound which the soldier made with his lance in the sacred body of Christ is on the right side of most crucifixes, when the heart is on the left side.—M. T. R., SEWICKLEY, PA.

Ancient documents which are worthy of credence signify that the wound made by the lance was on the right side. There is in the Laurentian Library at Florence a Syrian manuscript containing the works of Bishop Rabulas of Odessa, who died in 435 A. D. In it is one of the earliest pictures of the crucifixion of our Lord. It represents the soldier in the act of piercing Our Lord's right side. The lance must have been driven with such force that it pierced the heart of Christ. According to Aurelius Prudentius, a Christian poet (died 413 A. D.), the point of the lance came out on the left side. (*The Passion and Glory of Christ*, Poelzl-Martindale.) It is significant that when St. Francis of Assisi received the stigmata, the wound made by the lance was on his right side. Dr. McDonough writes, "the Holy Shroud (of Turin) records that the lance entered Our Lord's right side, between the fifth and sixth ribs." (*THE SIGN*, March 1938, p. 483.)

Nuptial Mass on Sunday: Completing Mass

(1) Is it lawful to celebrate a Nuptial Mass on a Sunday? What do the rubrics of the Church say about the matter? (2) If during the Mass the celebrant is overtaken by a grievous illness or accident, which renders him unable to continue, may he be succeeded by another priest, or does the Mass end at that point?—M. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) The Nuptial Mass is a votive Mass and may be celebrated only on those days allowed by the rubrics. It may not be celebrated on Sundays, feasts of precept (even though suppressed), feasts of the first and second class, during octaves of the first and second rank, and on privileged ferial days and vigils. If it is desired to celebrate the Sacrament of Marriage with a Mass on a Sunday, it may be done, but the Mass must be that of the Sunday, with the commemorations and nuptial blessing from the Nuptial Mass. Marriage, of course, may be entered into on any day of the year. It is the Nuptial Mass and Blessing which are restricted as to time.

(2) If a celebrant is overtaken by illness or accident after the consecration of the Host or before the communion of the Precious Blood, and unable to continue, another priest, even though not fasting, is to be sought to complete the Sacrifice. The reason is the Divine precept of procuring the integrity of the Sacrifice, which, once essentially begun, must be completed, even though the continuator is not fasting. In this instance the Divine precept prevails over the ecclesiastical precept which prescribes the eucharistic fast. If a celebrant is overtaken before the consecration of the Host, or after the communion of the Precious Blood, another

priest is not necessary, since in the first class the Sacrifice has not essentially begun, and in the second it is essentially complete. (Noldin, *Theol. Mor.* 111, n. 215.)

Father Tyrrell, Baron Von Hügel and M. D. Petre

Can you give me some information about Father Tyrrell and the cause of his quarrel with the Church? Was he reconciled with the Church before he died? Also what part did M. D. Petre and the Baron play in this matter?—T. M. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Father George Tyrrell was a convert from Protestantism who became a Jesuit priest. He was regarded as the leader of the Modernist movement in England. Modernism was an attempt to remodel Christianity on the lines of rationalistic philosophy, especially that of the German philosopher, Kant. This system was an outgrowth of Protestant liberalism and false mysticism. It practically did away with the necessity of a living, infallible teaching Church. Pope Pius X in his Encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis* of September 8, 1907, condemned Modernism as "the synthesis of all heresies" and the movement was crushed. Fr. Tyrrell died in 1909 under sentence of excommunication, unreconciled to the Church.

Baron von Hügel was associated with Fr. Tyrrell in this movement and seemed to hover for a time on the brink of the abyss, but fortunately he did not lapse from the Faith, though some have doubted his orthodoxy. He is a character difficult for the ordinary Catholic to understand.

Miss Maude Petre was a disciple of Fr. Tyrrell. She has written several books and edited his Autobiography. Her most recent book is *Von Hügel and Tyrrell* in which she combats the tendency among English Catholic admirers of the Baron to rehabilitate him by representing him as Fr. Tyrrell's "good angel," who strove to draw the priest from the path of error in his religious speculations. These characters figure largely in Mrs. Ward's book, *Insurrection vs. Resurrection* (Sheed & Ward, \$3.75), which was reviewed in our June, 1938, number.

Millvale Apparition

I am enclosing the article entitled "The Millvale Apparition" from "The Reader's Digest" for May, 1938. The story recounts the experience of a painter who worked in the Croatian Catholic Church in Millvale, Pa. He claims that he saw a ghost several times while working at night. It moved up and down the aisle, lit candles and blew them out, murmured and gesticulated, while it became noticeably colder in the church and the dogs barked and howled outside. Could this be possible?—J. E. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Yes, it is possible that this occurred. According to the disposition of Divine Providence, says St. Thomas, separated souls are sometimes allowed to leave their proper place and appear to men. Ample evidence of this is to be had in the Lives of the Saints. Such appearances are permitted by God to instruct and console the living, in the case of the saints; to strike terror into sinners in the case of the damned; and to ask for prayers in the case of souls from Purgatory. We have heard of cases in which deceased priests have appeared to the living, especially when they have not fulfilled Mass obligations. When these were said, the soul no longer appeared. As to the character of this "apparition," it depends on the evidence, and the evidence appears credible. There are so many

things that spirits can do, we ought not to be surprised to hear of such cases. Truly it is said that there is a spirit world about us. Each one has a guardian angel; "the devil," as St. Peter warns, "goes about seeking whom he may devour"; and the souls in Purgatory are members with us in that wonderful society called the Communion of Saints. Of course, no separated soul in Hell or Purgatory can leave its place without the permission of God. The saints have far more liberty. St. Thomas makes the interesting comment that they can appear to men whenever they wish.

Saint Hugo

Will you kindly advise if we have a St. Hugo in the Catholic Church? If there is, will you kindly tell me something of his life?—A. E. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Hugo is the Latin form of Hugh. *The Book of Saints* has five entries under St. Hugh, as follows: St. Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, 12th century, feast day April 1; St. Hugh, Bishop of Rouen, 8th century, feast day April 9; St. Hugh, Abbot in Burgundy, 12th century, feast day April 29; St. Hugh, Martyr of 13th century, feast day, August 27th; Blessed Hugh Farrington, Abbot of Reading, martyr under Henry VIII, feast day November 14; St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, 12th century, feast day November 14th.

The last is, perhaps, the better known of them all. He was born in Burgundy in 1140 A. D., became a Regular Canon, but when twenty years old entered the Carthusian Order, of which he was later appointed Procurator General. King Henry II of England begged him to undertake the government of the Carthusian monastery of Witham in Somersetshire, which he soon turned into a very flourishing community. When he was elected bishop of Lincoln in A. D. 1186, he had so completely won the respect of the monarch that he was able to reform many abuses and even to repress the unjust pretensions of that capricious prince. He was sent later by King John as ambassador to King Philip Augustus, with whom he concluded a Treaty of Peace between England and France. He died in London on his return to his See in A. D. 1200. His relics were conveyed with great pomp to Lincoln, with the Kings of England and of Scotland taking part in carrying his bier.

Sufficient and Efficacious Grace: Effect of Sacramental Penance

(1) Please explain the Jesuit-Dominican controversy over the nature of grace. Which order won the argument? (2) Does the penance given a person after confession remit the eternal or the temporal punishment due to sin? Is it true that absolution remits only the eternal punishment and that the temporal punishment is remitted by performing the penance and gaining indulgences?—G. T., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

(1) Both Jesuits and Dominicans adhere to the dogmatic teaching of the Church concerning divine grace, like all other orthodox believers. They differ on points which the Church has not defined, and in particular on the efficacy of actual grace. Actual grace, unlike sanctifying grace, which is an *habitual* quality indwelling in the soul, is a *transient* divine help given by God for the performance of supernatural acts. When such a grace does not issue in the act or acts intended by God, although it carries the power of producing its effect, it is called *sufficient* grace. When it produces its effect, it is called *efficacious* grace. What makes actual grace efficacious? Is it something in the grace itself, or is it due

to the free will of man which co-operates with it? The Dominicans teach that it is something in the nature of the grace itself and claim that this is the doctrine of St. Thomas. The Jesuits, following Molina, a Spanish member of the Society, claim that the efficacy of actual grace is due to the free will of man co-operating with grace, which God foreknew would happen. They, too, appeal to St. Thomas. Neither system has been approved by the Church; both are tolerated, as well as some others which attempt to explain what is an inscrutable mystery. A good explanation of this matter is had in *Actual Grace* by Rev. E. Towers in the Treasury of the Faith Series, published by The Macmillan Co.

(2) When a penitent confesses his sins with the required dispositions, the guilt and *eternal* punishment due to mortal sins are entirely remitted by virtue of the priest's absolution, and partially at least the temporal punishment. In the case of venial sins, absolution remits the guilt of them and the amount of temporal punishment remitted will depend on the penitent's dispositions. The imposition of sacramental penance helps the penitent to satisfy for what may be lacking in his debt of temporal punishment, and aids him to overcome his moral weakness and to lead a better life. The acquisition of indulgences also helps one pay the temporal penalty due to sins. In the next life unsatisfied debts of temporal punishment must be paid in Purgatory.

Bible and New Testament: Book of Instruction

(1) What is the difference between the New Testament and the Bible? Can a Roman Catholic read either? (2) Is the New Testament presented by the Massachusetts Bible Society supposed to be read and followed by Roman Catholics? (3) Please mention a good book for Catholics to read in order to learn more about their religion.—V. C., BOSTON, MASS.

(1) The Bible is the name given to the inspired writings of the Old and the New Testaments. The Old Testament embraces the inspired writings which antedated the coming of Christ; the New Testament contains the inspired writings which were written after His advent. Catholics not only may, but they are positively encouraged to read the Bible, especially the Holy Gospels, provided the Bible they read is the true and complete Bible and not an adulterated one. For this reason the Church wills that Catholics read only Bibles published under Catholic auspices and with the approbation of the Bishops. Pope Leo XIII granted an indulgence of 300 days to all the faithful who read the Holy Gospels for at least a quarter of an hour, and a plenary indulgence under the usual conditions in favor of those who follow this practice for a month.

(2) Catholics should not read Bibles or parts thereof which are published under non-Catholic auspices. Most Protestant Bibles lack seven books and parts of two others, besides suffering from faulty translations.

(3) There are so many good books of instruction in the Catholic faith, both for born Catholics and for converts, that it is difficult to single out one for special mention. *The Faith of Our Fathers*, by Cardinal Gibbons, is regarded by many as one of the best books of general instruction for both classes of readers. (\$.35, paper; \$1.00, cloth.) Catholics owe it to their intelligence to know their faith and also to keep posted on the Catholic interpretation of current events, which means that they should be consistent readers of at least their diocesan newspapers and also a few good Catholic magazines. Reviews in the Catholic press bring before their notice worthwhile Catholic books and pamphlets.

Why "Verbo", Not "Verbum"?

In the prayers before Holy Communion we have "tantum dic verbo"; why not "tantum dic verbum"?—R. A. O'B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

This phrase is taken from the Gospel according to St. Matthew, 8:8, describing the humility of the centurion, who had asked Our Lord to heal his servant. The use of *verbo* instead of *verbum* appears to indicate an ablative of means, the sense being "speak by (means of) a word, etc."

Women's Heads Covered in Church

What is the law of the Church regarding the covering of women's heads when in church? I have seen women and children enter the church with all sorts of things on their heads, such as books, gloves, handkerchiefs, and even the palms of their hands. When I asked them about it they could give no reason other than, "I wouldn't do it if I didn't think it was right."—J. P., NEWFOUNDLAND.

Canon 1262 prescribes that women should assist at divine services in modest dress and with heads covered, especially when they approach the Holy Table. The practice of having the head covered during liturgical services has existed for women from the very beginning. It has its reason in the teaching of St. Paul, who chided women for praying unveiled. "Every man praying or prophesying with his head covered disgraceth his head, but every woman praying or prophesying with her head uncovered disgraceth her head, for it is the same as if she were shaven [on the head]." (I Cor. 11: 3, 4.) The reason for this difference seems to be man's greater dignity: "the man indeed ought not to cover his head because he is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man." (*ibid* 11: 7.) This rule strictly holds only for liturgical services, but it is to be recommended that it be followed even outside these times, though one has to smile at the expedients which women use to carry it out. "Halo" hats, or whatever they were called, worn at Sunday Mass, caused some priests to complain a year or so ago, when they were the "style."

Celebration of Mixed Marriage

I was taught that when a mixed marriage was performed, the priest wore no sacred vestments and that it was rather a cold affair, due to the Church's stand on such marriages. How it is that there have been several mixed marriages performed by priests recently (one took place only a few weeks ago), and this procedure was not followed. In three cases the marriages were performed before an altar and in two cases the priest wore vestments. I can't understand and wonder sometimes if it is a case of money and social standing.—J. F.

The Code of Canon Law in regard to the celebration of mixed marriages, that is between a Catholic and a non-Catholic, says that they should be celebrated outside the church and that all sacred rites are forbidden. The practice in this country is to perform them in the priest's rectory, the priest not wearing any sacred vestment. The celebration of marriage in private houses (this would include hotels), may be permitted by the Ordinary of the diocese only for a just and reasonable cause in an extraordinary case. If, however, the observance of the strict prohibition against the use of Catholic rites would result in graver evils, the Ordinary may in his prudent

judgment permit some of the usual ecclesiastical ceremonies, always excluding the celebration of Mass. (Canons 1102 and 1109.) We can appreciate the concern of ordinary Catholics over exceptions which are sometimes permitted in certain cases in which the parties of the marriage are wealthy and socially prominent. We cannot, of course, know all the circumstances of such cases, but such concern, we think, is not unreasonable.

Letters

• **LETTERS** should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

JIM AND JEFFERSON

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I desire to congratulate both you and Mr. Lawrence Lucey on the splendid article by Mr. Lucey published in the July issue of *THE SIGN* under the title "Jim and Jefferson."

As Jim stated between puffs of smoke that Jefferson's opinions are as modern as the editorials in next week's papers, I want to say that Mr. Lucey's writings are even more modern, intelligent, and instructive and my suggestion is that "Jim and Jefferson" be published in pamphlet form and be circulated in every school and college in America, as students who are not being taught Jefferson's philosophy are being cheated.

In the third paragraph of the article, page 717, where Jim quotes Jefferson, "In the Revolutionary War the old Congress and the States issued bills without interest and without tax," I wish to quote from an editorial in the *London Times*, inspired by international bankers attacking Lincoln's policy in 1862 of issuing debt-free money, instead of selling bonds. The Lincoln "greenbacks" which are still in circulation have saved the taxpayers of this country, figured at 5% interest compounded, more than twelve billion dollars.

"If that mischievous financial policy which had its origin in the North American Republic during the Civil War in that country (Lincoln greenbacks) should become indurated down to a fixture, then that government will furnish its money without cost. It will pay off its debts and be without a debt. It will have all the money necessary to carry on its commerce. It will become prosperous beyond precedent in the history of the civilized governments of the world. The brains and wealth of all countries will go to North America. That government must be destroyed, or it will destroy every monarchy on this globe."

Quoting further from a London banker named Hazard, in a letter he sent to American bankers:

"Slavery is likely to be abolished by the war power, and all chattel slavery abolished. This, I and my European friends are in favor of, for slavery is but the owning of labour and carries with it the care of the labourers; while the European plan, led on by England, is that capital shall control labour by controlling wages. The great debt, which capitalists will see to it is made

out of the war, must be used as a means to control the volume of money. To accomplish this, bonds must be used as a banking basis. We are now waiting for the Secretary of the Treasury to make his recommendation to Congress. It will not do to allow the 'greenbacks' to circulate as money for any length of time for we cannot control that. But we can control the bonds, and through them the bank issues."

Hazzard's advice resulted in the passage of the notorious Bank Act of 1863, re-instituting money slavery, and opening the door for the Federal Reserve Act of 1913.

I cannot close this letter without giving to Jim an important quotation from Jefferson, issued at the time Alexander Hamilton strongly advocated the Bank of the U. S. (counterpart of the Federal Reserve System), "If the American people ever allow private banks to control the issue of currency, first by inflation then by deflation, the banks and the corporations which grow up around them will deprive the people of all property, until they will wake up homeless on the continent which their fathers conquered." (That prediction has partly come true. All that is needed is for the people to wake up.)

I am certain your readers will be exceedingly grateful to Mr. Lucey for definitely establishing the fact that Mr. Jefferson was an ardent Christian, as every student of Jefferson firmly believes. Yet many historians and even preachers have stupidly credited Jefferson with being an atheist.

BOSTON, MASS.

MILES C. HAYES.

FAVORITE DEPARTMENT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A word of praise for The Sign-Post. It is my favorite department. I always read it first in those very brief moments that even the busiest person can spare. I am sure that that department is the finest of its kind published anywhere. You avoid so successfully the sentimental and the sensational.

BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

MARY GARRIGAN.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Here is my note of thanks for The Sign-Post. I couldn't figure out whether you were humorously or sarcastically complaining in your note on the "Policy of the Sign-Post" in the July 1938 issue. However, one of the Passionist Fathers in the monastery here assured me that you had a grand sense of humor, so that makes everything all right. You'll probably get so many letters of acknowledgment that you'll be sorry that you referred to them. Seriously, though, I for one really do appreciate The Sign-Post and hope for its continued help.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

CONCETINA M. GAGLIARDUCCI.

CATHOLICISM IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A fairly comprehensive study of accredited works, dealing with the history of the United States during the Revolution, has convinced the writer that there exists a great need for a true account of Catholic participation in that enlightening struggle. I have before me a History of the United States for Catholic Schools, written by a well-known religious, which bears the proper imprimatur though it is flagrantly erroneous when dealing with patriotism among Catholics during Revolutionary days, giving prominent mention, among others, to Lafayette,

Steuben, De Kalb, Paca and Paul Revere, though the preface explained the purpose of the volume as "providing a text which sets forth not only all the usually taught facts, but also the too often forgotten efforts of the Church in American history."

The fact of the matter is there is a dreadful void on the subject of Catholic participation in the American Revolution and what appears is too often faulty. *The Library of Freemasonry*, volume 3, is authority for the statement that fifty-two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Masons. If that statement is correct, it leaves only four signers to be accounted for. We know that Charles Carroll and Thomas Fitzsimmons were Catholics and, if the article on the latter appearing in the Catholic Encyclopedia is trustworthy, William Paca (the third alleged Catholic) must be regarded as a Protestant.

Practically every biography of Lafayette lists him as a Mason, as was practically every Revolutionary leader except Moylan and Barry. Peyton Campbell, the President of the First Continental Congress, and John Hancock, who presided over the Second and Third Continental Congresses, were Masons; Richard H. Lee, who introduced the resolution declaring for Independence, was a Mason; the Declaration was even written on a white lambskin—the Mason's apron; George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, S. Chase, Robert Morris—to mention a few Revolutionary statesmen—and all the American naval and military leaders, save Moylan, Barry and Benedict Arnold, were Masons. Is it any wonder that Catholic Canada refused to become the Fourteenth Colony and steadily refused invitations to be represented at the various Continental Congresses?

Therein rests a hitherto unpublicized aspect of the American Revolution which encompassed Quebec in 1775-76 and concerning which readers of THE SIGN might well be interested in learning, since this phase of history has never, to the writer's knowledge, previously received any consideration in published works.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

W. A. L. STYLES, M.D.

ST. ROSE'S COUNTRY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It will in no wise detract from the fame of St. Rose of Lima and the mysterious vocation assigned to her in the scheme of Divine Providence to call attention to the muddled historical background furnished for her in the article by Mr. George Stuart Brady in THE SIGN (August).

1. In 1586, the year of her birth, a "once thriving people living in misery and despair" cannot be substantiated as a blanket statement.

2. The Marqués de Cañete, Don Andrés Hurtado de Mendoza (1556-61), though he knew how to establish order, was not the first Viceroy to put "decorum into the affairs of state in the province," since Don Antonio Mendoza, the great administrator of Mexico, had been sent to Peru in 1551 and in the short space of a year had made himself felt.

3. The Marqués de Cañete, Don García Hurtado de Mendoza and Viceroy from 1590 to 1596, was not the first to put "decorum" into the state, for before him the great Don Francisco de Toledo (1569-81), after a thorough investigation, organized the government of Peru on such firm and just lines that a prosperous country soon attracted the canny and not easily deceived eyes of English corsairs and Portuguese Jewish merchants.

4. Before 1586 others besides "freebooters and mercenaries" must have settled there since in 1551 the University of San Marco was authorized and in 1578 that

of Cuzco. Freebooters and mercenaries have little time for scholastic pursuits.

5. The population of Lima in 1550 included 8000 whites, and in 1570 there were 36,000 whites and 900,000 Indians, including the area around Lima.

6. The introduction into the Viceroyalty of grapes, wheat, olives, sheep, swine, horses and mules, the manufacturing of soap, glass, sugar and textiles and the building trades, in addition to what industries the Indians had before the coming of the Spaniards, hardly argues the brutalized and neglected Peru pictured in the article, barely redeemed by the hint of a respectful army somewhere in the offing. It does argue, however, a settled order and a plan of civilization. It might be added that although weak and vicious members of the human race were not absent, there were present also settlers of the type of Don Lorenzo de Cepada, brother of St. Teresa of Avila.

7. The final paragraph seems to hint the climax of the influence of St. Rose, though nothing definite in it connects her influence with what the author sums up. History records that "the wavering viceregal rulers" were replaced as a result of influences quite the opposite of what could come from a Saint. If Mr. Brady would read the press of Peru in the last quarter of the eighteenth century and early nineteenth, he would know that the influence of St. Rose had become quite swamped in the Voltairean and Masonic ideas which, sad to say, were more read by the Peruvians deprived of their religious teachers than St. Rose was. Further, the present government and constitution have departed so radically from the great Code of the Indies and the *Ordenanzas* of Toledo, both antedating 1586, as to fail to deserve the noble name of human.

Perhaps it is because the Americans of Peru and the Americans of the United States do not pray to St. Rose sufficiently that there are so few Catholic states in the Americas today.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

M. R. MADDEN, PH.D.

ANOTHER MINUTE MAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am an interested, though irregular reader of THE SIGN. Often an issue gets by me, not to be read until some time later. So it was with this year's initial issue. And in that I was most unfortunate, for in that issue was an article for which I have been waiting. I refer to the article about "Catholic Minute-Men." Not having the issue at hand I am not sure of the exact title, but if the wording escapes me, the meaning has been impressed deeply on my mind. This is so because it was the very thing for which I have been hoping.

It is my opinion that what the Catholic Church needs is a militantly aggressive group to fight back the incursions of modern paganism and unmorality. I prefer the latter word because the modern trend is towards, not immorality, but lack of morals. Therefore, what is needed is a force to put down the many things which seek to disrupt the Church in this country. The "Minute-Men" to which you refer would be just such a force.

Though this has been an idea of mine for some time, I have not been able to do anything about it because of lack of any good connection. Therefore, if anyone has communicated with you concerning this, or if you know of anyone who has organized or is seeking to organize a group, I would appreciate it very much if you would inform me so that I may get in touch with them. My one desire is to co-operate to the fullest extent with any person who wishes to organize a group

of militant Catholics who will outlaw the "isms," Fascism, Communism, and particularly, Paganism, in the United States; a group which will preach a crusade against injustice and untruth, a group which will sweep from this country all of the foul mire which it has collected in its hundred-odd years of existence, and make it worthy of its patron, Mary Immaculate; a group which will engrave on the hearts of all Americans the words engraved on our coins: "In God We Trust."

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

JOHN V. O'REILLY.

TO AILEEN O'BRIEN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I, through your magazine, extend a few words of esteem to an outstanding Catholic young woman, Miss Aileen O'Brien, Honorary Captain of the Navarre Brigade of Nationalist Spain?

For her courage in remaining in the war areas to discharge her many duties as representative of "The Irish Christian Front," and for the many unknown kindnesses which she has exercised, we owe her our sincerest respect. For her inspiring articles which we, the readers of THE SIGN, have had the pleasure of reading, and for her lectures on conditions in Spain, (Miss O'Brien, incidentally, is as gifted a linguist as she is a writer) we are deeply grateful. We are looking forward to many more articles in THE SIGN, Miss O'Brien, and to your intended lectures when you return to the United States in the Autumn.

To you, Miss O'Brien, to General Franco, the "Pro Deo" Society, and to the Navarre Brigade, we wish not the customary "good luck," for why call God's blessings by any other name—but a most fervent "God Bless You!"

BOSTON, MASS.

BOSTONIAN MAID.

A REDISCOVERY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

My subscription to THE SIGN must have run out by this time, and as I cannot afford to miss a copy I am enclosing remittance for renewal.

Being a very narrow person I am superlatively gratified to discover that the Catholic magazines are still hewing to the line although magazines edited by Catholics find it convenient to be very broadminded.

I will add for what it is worth that my rediscovery of THE SIGN last year was one of the major gifts of God that have come my way.

Viva el Christo! Viva España! Viva el Segno!

ELLSWORTH, MINN.

(REV.) J. STANLEY HALE.

MAGAZINES FOR PATIENTS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Books and magazines—those that are Catholic and those which, while not specifically Catholic, evidence more Christianity and good taste than characterize the tabloids, the picture and the short story magazines—will be a boon to the tubercular patients at St. Anthony's Hospital, Woodhaven Boulevard, Queens, N. Y. C.

Catholic prayer books and religious tracts and pamphlets will also prove very useful.

Publications in English, Polish, German, Italian, Spanish, French, Greek, Chinese and Japanese are all in demand.

ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL

THE CHAPLAIN.

WOODHAVEN BLVD., QUEENS, N. Y. C., N. Y.

BALMES ON ANIMAL SOULS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read in the March, 1938, issue of *THE SIGN*, p. 493, that "Reader" of Sea Gate, N. Y., said that Rev. Balmes, the Spanish philosopher of the past century, maintained that the souls of animals will survive after death. I have his *Fundamental Philosophy*, but I cannot recollect any such declaration by him. However, I do remember his affirming, more or less, that the human soul is not only immaterial or non-material, but that it is spiritual as well. He asserted that the souls of animals are non-material, but at the same time held that they are not spiritual. While I do not recollect his definition of the difference between non-material and spiritual, I do remember that he denied that being non-material was identical with being spiritual. I should like your correspondent, who accused Father Balmes, among other philosophers, of teaching that animal souls survive after death, to refer me to the place in his works where such an assertion may be found.

HUDSON, WYO.

P. J. ITURRARAN.

LITERARY GUILD SELECTIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is high time that Catholics should take cognizance of the lowered standards of the Literary Guild of America, and refuse to support it as members. Its recent offer of an "unexpurgated edition" of the *Collected Works of Emile Zola* free with the purchase of Guild books is a most infamous insult to decency.

The Literary Guild advertises this book as "Those lusty, daring novels that shocked even Paris."

Come on, Catholics, let's take the initiative.

BALTIMORE, MD.

MARIE O'DEA.

ADVERTISING OUR CHURCHES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is the constant complaint of the Catholic press that secular papers fail to give the Church proper publicity. Long editorials appear regularly in many Catholic periodicals bemoaning the falsifying of news about Spain and Germany and the ignoring of religious persecution in Mexico. While the complaint may be true, it would be a better policy to cease sighing for what is not and to act to create one's own publicity.

Why not start with the simple and fundamental question of "Where is the nearest Catholic church?" There was a time when one could find the answer on the skyline. The cross on the steeple like the star over Bethlehem marked the dwelling of Our Saviour. This is no longer true, for Protestant churches have taken down their emblem of the weather-vane that shifts with every passing wind and disguised their philosophy with a cross.

One thing, however, they have marked clearly. In front of almost all Protestant churches is a large sign giving the name of the church, the time of religious services, and the name of the pastor.

Catholic churches, for the most part, are lights hidden under a bushel. In spite of the obligation of every Catholic to attend Mass on Sunday and Holy Days, pastors fail to post the essential information of what time Mass begins.

Most Catholic churches are open all day that Catholics may visit the Blessed Sacrament, yet how many visitors pass by His door because they are not invited to enter?

A sign in front of the church is not as spectacular a project for Catholic action as a Catholic daily paper, but in its small way it can serve the same end.

ALBANY, N. Y.

GEORGE M. KORB.

BEAUTIFUL DRAWINGS

The etchings of St. Patrick's Cathedral on pages 98 and 99 of the present issue are by Mr. Andrew Karoly and Mr. Louis Szanto, who for some time have been illustrators for *THE SIGN*. (See page 118 of the present number). The two etchings of St. Patrick's were made for the Associated American Artists, of 420 Madison Avenue, New York, from whom the originals can be obtained.

Mr. Karoly came to this country in 1928 from Europe, where he had already won fame as an artist. He has done important murals and has executed designs for the World's Fair. His murals and etchings have gained him international fame.

Mr. Louis Szanto is a constant collaborator with Mr. Karoly. Mr. Szanto is a graduate of the Academy of Fine Arts in Budapest and had also achieved an enviable reputation before coming to this country. He has done many murals and is considered one of the foremost portrait painters in America.

Many beautiful drawings appear in the pages of *THE SIGN*. We would like to call the attention of our readers to the fact that when a credit line is given (as on page 83) the originals can be obtained from the galleries credited with the drawing. Some of the galleries thus credited in recent months include the following: Kennedy Galleries, 785 Fifth Avenue, New York; Frederick Keppel Galleries, 71 E. 57th Street, New York; Kleeman Galleries, 38 E. 57th Street, New York.

THE EDITORS.

THANKSGIVING TO ST. JUDE

R.G., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.T.P., Morristown, N.J.; E.D., New York, N.Y.; T.A., Baltimore, Md; L.E.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.; K.F.C., Troy, N.Y.; E.P.R., Middletown, Ky.; M.K., Hudson, N.J.; K.C.W., Stottville, N.Y.; M.B.T., Riverdale, N.Y.; H.McK., Washington, D.C.; R.H., Babylon, L.I.; G.R., New York, N.Y.; A.C.B., Overlea, Md.; M.S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; C.I., Greenwich, Conn.; M. C., Princeton, Ind.; J.F.K., Painesville, Ohio; G.F.C.N., Bronx, N.Y.; E.W., Cincinnati, O.; M.G.S., Bronx, N.Y.; R.R., Harrison, N.Y.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M.L., McKeesport, Pa.; Blessed Virgin Mary, M.C.L., Washington D.C.; Poor Souls, E.P., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Joseph, P.F., Long Island City, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.W.F., East Boston, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, E.S., New York, N.Y.; St. Raphael, M.J.H.J., Milwaukee, Wis.; Blessed Mother, T.R., Woodcliff, N. Y.; Little Flower of Jesus, M.W.M., Union City, N.J.; St. Anthony, C.I., Greenwich, Conn.; Souls in Purgatory, M.N.T., Wayne, Pa.; St. Anthony, M.J.A., Cleveland, O.; Sacred Heart, A.M.H., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Poor Souls, F.C.H., Decorah, Ia.; St. Paul and St. Gabriel, M.C., East Orange, N.J.; St. Joseph, St. Anthony, R.R., Harrison, N.Y.; St. Joseph, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, A.M.H., Charleroi, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M.F.R., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, C.T.W., Narbeth, Pa.; M.S., Philadelphia, Pa.; M.B.L., New Orleans, La.; R.W., Dorchester, Mass.



When East Meets East

By FRANCIS H. SIBSON

Illustrated by WILLIAM SMITH

OUR Sea Brethren reunions are always worthwhile—that is, if you have been to sea yourself and can understand the talk and the atmosphere. The talk is sea-talk untranslated and often untranslatable, and the atmosphere is, well, at least it makes us feel at home again, and that means a good deal to men whom the sea has finished with.

One feels one "belongs" somewhere instead of being just a nobody in a crowd of strangers who don't know the difference between a grain-carrier and a tanker, and don't want to.

There's hardly a port in the world one can mention without finding some Brother has been there in anything from a battle-cruiser to a tug.

And sometimes he can tell a strange tale.

We heard one that night from Hurst, late tramp-steamer's second mate, and Mallett, his old captain.

Hurst had been a Brother for a couple of months. Trench, late of the Q-ships, had brought him in one evening.

Mallett was initiated the night I'm telling of, vouched for by the South Sea diver, who's a rigger now on the same mine. Short and thickset, Captain Mallett, with a sail-trained look about him.

Hurst and Trench came in together as usual, but late, just after Mallett had finished signing articles. At sight of Hurst he jumped as if he had been

shot. Then he stared, as one might stare at a dead man walking. Hurst didn't see him—he was apologizing to the Master for being late. All through the weighing Mallett went on staring till the lights were lit and the Mate reported "Anchor's home, sir!" and we were "under way."

Then he leaned forward, caught Hurst's eye, and spoke—typically.

"Thought you were dead, Mister!" he said.

And it was Hurst's turn to stare.

"By the Lord!" he burst out, starting to get up, "It's Captain Mallett!"

And then Mallett was standing over him with his hand out and Hurst was shaking it.

"What the devil happened to you?" Mallett was demanding. "After that swine hit us and went on we couldn't find a trace of you except your cap and that was all mixed up with the mess she'd made of us for'ard. Thought you'd been mashed up, too, or had gone overboard—though we didn't see how. You'd plenty of time to jump clear. We lowered a boat and looked for you nearly an hour—nearly lost the boat in the fog, too—before we gave you up."

"I thought you'd be worried," answered Hurst, "but I couldn't do a thing to let you know. Afterwards, at Nagasaki, I looked for you, but you'd gone home along with the rest of the ship's company and all I could find was the ship."

"The owners sold her to Jap breakers for scrap. Reckoned she wasn't worth patching up. But why didn't you go to the agents and get your passage home, too? You were entitled to it."

"Because the Japs gave me a job, cannery-tender, Kamchatka way. They were very decent, all of 'em, particularly the *Miyajima* crowd. Of course, their Navy policy of hushing up everything—it's practically a mania with 'em—may have had something to do with that."

"Look here, you're talking double-Dutch. Tell us the thing right way round, can't you?" interrupted the Master.

"MY SHIP was the *Distributor*," Mallett said, "the sort of tramp with the usual sort of modern name. We were bound to Osaka with wool and were looking forward to getting there and hearing all about the scrapping with China."

"Two days short of Osaka we ran into fog and I had to slow her down. After breakfast I got the idea it was thinner near the water, so I sent Hurst down on to the fore well-deck to see if he could see under it. He reported that he couldn't. Ordinarily I'd have let it go at that, but that morning I felt nervous and sent him up on the foc's'le-head to reinforce the lookout there."

"I suppose he'd been there about

half an hour when I saw him turn to starboard with both hands on the guardrail and lean out a bit as if he was listening. So I stopped our engines. You lose very little by it and it gives the ears a better chance. Heaven knows they need all the chance you can give 'em in fog."

I SAW several heads nod, and more than one of us was staring unseeingly through the tobacco smoke. Mallett's tale was awaking memories. For myself, I could see that ship gliding along like a ghost through the morning sea-mist with the diffused light of the hidden sun turning her fog-dewed flanks to a silvered gray and everyone on deck silent with that uneasy listening of theirs.

"Every two minutes, of course, we were sounding our whistle. About forty seconds after I'd stopped engines the quartermaster gave the lanyard the usual long pull. Then I listened harder than ever. If there was anything near us she'd answer that blast.

"And, by the Lord, there was, and she did. Three blasts from nowhere and everywhere right in our ears, and so loud and close that I felt like jumping out of my skin.

"There was nothing to do but to go astern, as the other ship's blasts had told us she was doing. As I pulled over the telegraph I heard her propeller thundering and saw her to starb'd, a gray shadow in the fog.

"I ordered collision stations and everyone aft from the foc's'le. I heard them running aft and thought Hurst would be among them. I was too busy watching the other's bows to think of counting them. I could see now that she'd hit us on the starb'd bow, fore-end of Number One Hold.

"She did. With a whanging noise like a giant whacking on a huge tin tray. She bit right into us just abaft the collision-bulkhead, pushed us aside, and gouged away the flare of our foc's'le-head as she shouldered on still with three whole knots of headway by the look of her.

"With us shoved over to port like that and her still swinging to starb'd it put us beam to beam pretty nearly. That tore her bows out of us and she went grinding past and ahead so close that I could have thrown my cap on to her bridge as it passed me. I got a good look at the men on it. Yellow men. Still as statues. I heard a shouting somewhere in her superstructure underneath the bridge and looked instinctively to see what it was, but it stopped. So did her engines. Then I heard her bell go again and she started to steam ahead.

"I naturally thought she was steaming clear and would stop again, so I

neglected her for the moment, looking to my own ship. The flare of our foc's'le-head had taken the first shock: she'd only got in below our waterline for'ard of the collision-bulkhead, and that was holding, although buckled a bit. As long as the weather held reasonably decent we were all right.

"I then looked for the other ship. She'd gone. All that was left of her was a noise of engines going as hard as they could. She was clearing off. Not even waiting to find out what she'd done. And I hadn't even got her name. None of us had got her name. We'd been too busy to think of it. It had never occurred to us she'd hit and run.

"Then it struck me that perhaps Hurst had seen her name when her bows had first appeared. But Hurst wasn't anywhere to be found. And the deck where I'd last seen him was a mess of bent and torn plates, right up to the stem-head. We first thought he must be somewhere aboard; and then when we couldn't find him we lowered the boat, thinking he must have been jerked overboard. Where *were* you, Hurst? What the devil *did* happen?"

"Will you finish your side first, sir?" asked his late second officer. "Then I can start shipshape with mine." And the look of him told us that we weren't going to hear just an ordinary yarn of a narrow sea-shave.

"All right, if you'd rather," agreed Mallett. "We got her in to Nagasaki all right; but long before then we'd told everything afloat and all the shore-stations from Vladivostok to Australia about the hit-and-run swine. We were after their blood all right and reckoned she'd be found quick enough. She couldn't hide herself after a smash like that. The moment she entered port she'd give herself away.

"But as far as I know she never did enter port. No one saw her again. No one reported her, though the ether was buzzing for her over all the China Seas and half the Pacific as well."

"I know what happened to her," interrupted Hurst. "I was aboard her."

"**Y**ou were aboard her?" How the devil did you get aboard?"

"I'll tell you. You've got that ship all wrong. I don't blame you. It looked just as you say—a clear case of hit-and-run. It *was* hit-and-run. She couldn't do otherwise. There was too much at stake."

"Give it to us straight—from the beginning," put in the Master. And with a strange abruptness Hurst plunged into his story.

"She hit us for'ard of the break of the foc's'le-head, and I watched her stem-head crumple sideways as it

crunched home and I saw her own steel deck buckle up and tear like cloth—and still I couldn't move. I felt like ice. The shock had banged me hard against the rail, and I think I was winded as well, but I could still see. As you said, sir, she was swinging to starb'd with a good deal of headway on. Three knots, you say. It looked more like thirty to me. I could feel the deck lifting and bending under me. Next thing the guard-rail buckled suddenly outwards and I was looking down at the water all piled up between us and foaming like soap-suds. I saw it coming towards me and for a second or two from the corner of my eye as the other ship tore free I saw her shoulder bump ours—and then I was pulled through the air, still hanging on to the guard-rail.

"Everything went sort of streaky for a moment, then there was a frightful wrench at my arms and shoulders and I saw steady again. I was dangling against the other ship's side and it was my grip on the guard-rail that had saved me. I saw that when I looked up to find out what I was hanging from. It was the anchor, with a muddle of broken plating caught on it.

THE sort of miracle nobody would believe. Therefore no one aboard the *Distributor* would look for me there. And no one could see me from this other ship's deck. The overhang of her foc's'le-head hid me. If I was going to get out of this mess I knew I'd have to get out myself.

"First thing to do was to try and climb up the guard-rail to the anchor. That was fairly easy. The rail was painted and pitted underneath where old rust had been chipped off, so it gave a good grip and I could just get my feet against the ship's side, so up I went. I got on to the anchor and put my arms around the shank and hung on.

"Then I shouted. And after a bit someone must have heard me—someone coming for'ard, I suppose, to look at the damage. They put a bowline over and hoisted me in like a sack.

"Four Chinamen, one of them in officer's uniform. He said something to the others and they cleared off, then he turned to me.

"From that ship?" he asked, pointing into the fog. I looked to see what had happened to the *Distributor*, but couldn't see a sign of her. All at once I realized. The engines were going full ahead again by the feel of her and the officer had pointed out on the quarter. We were leaving the *Distributor* and I didn't like it, and said so.

"The officer put up his hand, and for the first time I really looked at him. There was a queer . . . dignity . . .

about him. And at the same time a preoccupied look, strained and anxious. He told me in simple but not bad English to come up to the bridge, and what could I do but go with him? Already I felt there was something queer here.

"On the bridge he made some sort of report and I had to explain how I'd got there. There was a bit of a discussion then between the officer who'd found me and the captain, who looked at me all the time with a sort of solemn calm; then the captain told me the *Distributor* was all right and that they couldn't possibly stop, even to put me back aboard her. He said

they were very sorry, but they were on special duty in the war against Japan—special secret duty.

"He spoke English, too, of course. They all did—with an American accent. He promised me I'd be well taken care of and they'd do their best to put me safe ashore somehow.

"My officer took me down to his cabin and apologized because they had no spare one. Someone came to the door while he was still apologizing—he was almost painfully polite—and with another apology he went out. Ten minutes or so later he came back and came in as if I wasn't there and stood in the middle of the cabin,

his lips moving as if he was praying. Then he sat down on the settee and saw me again and told me what had happened. There'd been a spy aboard—a Japanese spy. One of the crew. In the confusion of the collision he had seized the chance to try and find out something. The officer didn't tell me what—not then. They had caught the spy in the captain's cabin under the bridge..."

"I wonder," interrupted Mallett, "whether that was the shouting I heard as she scraped past us."

"Very likely. Anyway, they'd locked him in the mate's cabin and then, when the excitement of the collision



"She blew up too soon. I saw the cloud of her shoot up away beyond the cruiser like a huge mushroom in the sky."

was over, they'd sent for my officer. And he'd gone down to find the man dead—hara-kiri, you know. And he was sorry for him. 'One against us all,' he said. 'He was a brave enemy.'

"I found myself liking the little chap more and more. If I'd known—as I was to know at the end..."

Hurst sat forward, his elbows on the table, chin in hands, looking straight in front of him. Abruptly he straightened.

"Sorry," he said. "I'd better get on, with it. It's rather a horrible story, I'm afraid—but at the same time rather fine. And I had a front seat.

"MY OFFICER—he was the navigator, by the way—stayed and talked after he'd told me about the spy. It seemed to me he wanted company. And although I was careful not to ask questions, he told me a great deal about the ship. She was the *General Beauregard* of San Francisco, and her Chinese owners—a syndicate of wealthy merchants, he said—had bought her from one of the American Pacific lines and manned her with volunteers from the Chinese colony in San Francisco. All of them belonged to one or other of the patriotic secret societies and all of them were on fire with hatred of Japan. They'd known for years about her policy of grabbing China bit by bit and had felt helpless—till their leader, their captain now, had shown them a way.

"The dead Jap spy had been a member for over three years. The navigator, who had joined ten years before, had often seen him at the meetings. No one had ever dreamed.

"I could see they were uneasy. They were afraid of being looked for and found on account of the collision. They'd heard the radio going, sir—they told me so, told me all the details about how you were getting on to relieve my mind about you.

"It was the collision that finished them. I found that out later. A squadron of Japanese training-cruisers had picked up your message, sir, and had started to look for the *Beauregard* at once. Of course they had no idea what the *Beauregard* really was. Their Admiral merely used her as a useful counter in his training game: Puzzle, find a ship, known to be in latitude so-and-so, longitude such-and-such, at 9:30 a. m., subsequent courses and speeds unknown. Spread out and find her! An interesting exercise in navigation.

"I was in the cabin when the *Miyajima* was sighted. The navigator came down to tell me. It would be about four o'clock in the afternoon. He said it was time for me to go.

"How?" I asked.

"In one of our boats," he told me,

looking at me in a troubled sort of way. 'It's the only chance and there is no time to explain. You will find some explanation in this letter, which you will please read afterwards—and the rest you will be able to guess. We shall lower you without stopping. The Japanese cruiser will pass close to you and they will see you are not one of us.'

"He told me the Japs would probably leave me in the boat till they'd finished with the *Beauregard* and come for me afterwards. 'Business first' is the Jap's motto. And he said I was not to be afraid to tell them everything I knew. By then, he said, it wouldn't matter. He said it very sadly and I thought I understood—but I didn't.

"He gave me the letter and watched me put it in the inside pocket of my monkey-jacket. It was a bulky one in a long envelope; and as I found afterwards there were other letters in it to deliver. Then we went on deck and they put me in the boat and lowered it and I stripped the disengaging-gear and the boat sheered away from her side. I got up and saluted them. I think they appreciated that.

"THERE isn't much more. I set sail and stood towards where he'd told me the warship had been sighted from the crow's nest. Soon I saw her. She came up fast and the *Beauregard* hadn't a hope of escaping her.

"I saw them taking a good look at me from the bridge and someone shouted 'We return!' through a megaphone and repeated it in French and another voice took it up in German—so it was clear they'd gathered I wasn't a Chinaman. And on she rushed and I had a devil's own time for a minute in her wash and then I let the sail flap and waited and watched the chase.

"And then—it wasn't far to sunset by now—the *Beauregard* went up."

"Went up?" repeated someone, puzzled.

"Yes. A modern fire-ship, that's what she was, cram-full of T.N.T. She was going to Shan-hai-kwan, where the Jap fleet was concentrated. And you remember what happened at Halifax in the war?"

"I was there," said the Cunard captain soberly. "Go on! Did she get the *Miyajima*? I suppose that would be better than nothing."

"That was their idea. They must have thought she knew something—and in any case the moment she boarded them and wanted to look under her hatches the game would be up. Yes, that was their idea. To take one enemy at least with them. Better than nothing, as you say. If they'd ever got to Shan-hai-kwan the whole

Jap fleet there would have gone up like a packet of crackers. And now they had to be content with one old training-cruiser. And they didn't even get her. Even that was denied them."

"Good Lord, how?" asked Trench.

"She blew up too soon. I saw the cloud of her shoot up away beyond the cruiser like a huge mushroom in the sky, all gold-looking in the low sun. Enormous and spreading out slowly after the first burst of it. And after a bit an awful shock through the water, then a wind-squall that hit like a hand and on top of that a noise like the end of the world.

"The *Miyajima* came back for me. She was lucky to be able to come back. My friend the navigator had blown up the *Beauregard* just in time."

"Just in time? Too soon, you mean!" Captain Mallett cried.

"No, I don't," Hurst persisted unhappily. "It was all in his letter. When he wrote it he didn't know how much longer he had—he'd written it before they'd sighted the cruiser—and I think he'd intended to get me sent away in the boat that day anyhow with instruments and charts and provisions. He'd known about the T.N.T. for some time and so had the other Japanese spy, but neither of them had been able to find out how the stuff was to be detonated. Puzzling it out afterwards with the Jap Navy people, I don't think there were any firing arrangements, delayed or otherwise. They'd planned all along to go up with her when the time came. Just as my friend decided, after the other spy was caught. The only sure way. He'd decided to fire his pistol into it—or rather, into a detonating charge he had.

"The other spy was his brother-in-law. At least he would have been his brother-in-law afterwards, if there'd been any afterwards for them. They'd worked together for years.

"AND I had to take his letter to the girl. The other man's sister. An old Samurai family. Both families were Samurai. The captain of the *Miyajima* went with me... She was a little thing, like a doll. I couldn't believe she was grown up. She took it with a sort of still pride. Not a whimper out of her. Not even a quiver of the lips. Not while we were there at least..."

He paused, and blinked, and swallowed. There was a silence in the room. Then Hurst spoke again:

"That girl's eyes haunt me sometimes. And the man she was to have married saying goodbye to me there on deck..."

"Such gentlemen they were..."

Modern Social Service

Social Service Has Progressed From Occasional Charity and Benevolence to a Position of Importance in Shaping Human Thought and Affairs

By JAMES A. MAGNER

Illustrated by Karoly-Szanto

THE EXPRESSION, "social appeasement," attached to the interest of the Duke of Windsor in the living conditions of labor, may be a rather unfortunate one so far as the free movements of that distinguished gentleman are concerned, but it points out a state of affairs that has existed for the human race since the expulsion of our first parents from the Garden of Eden. Disease, concupiscence, natural disturbances and death have contributed in multitudinous ways to bring distress to men and to call for measures of relief.

The first social service, in the wide sense of the word, began even before the Fall, when Adam found himself possessed of a wife. Distress came with sin, and multiplied as inequalities manifested themselves in his vast progeny. The necessity of social service, then, arose from the structure of the family and extended with the growth of tribal and national organisms. Poverty and social disabilities of various kinds soon constituted a community problem, which happily found a sympathetic recognition in the human heart of man. As the poet remarks: "His pity gave ere charity began."

In addition, there were considerations of divine law, written into human ordinances, that pointed out certain mutual obligations in society on the basis of social justice. Upon this structure, eternal in principle, Christ gave His greater law of love and charity. To the question, "Which is the great commandment in the law?" He answered: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind . . . And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." To the young man who sought the perfect life, He replied: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. And come follow Me."

Speaking of the Last Judgment, Jesus referred to the corporal works of mercy as a passport to salvation. "Then," He declared, "shall the just answer him, saying: Lord, when did we see Thee hungry and fed Thee;

thirsty and gave Thee to drink? And when did we see Thee a stranger and took Thee in? Or naked and covered Thee? Or when did we see Thee sick or in prison and came to Thee? And the king answering shall say to them: Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me." (Matt. xxv, 37-40) The Apostles recognized social work as a distinguishing mark of authentic religion, for as St. James remarked: "Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation and to keep one's self unspotted from this world." (James 1,27)

Of various forms of social service, the most primitive and outstanding throughout the history of society has undoubtedly been that of almsgiving, both private and public. The public dole became one of the great problems of the Roman Empire, and, based upon a fundamentally faulty economic system, was one of the contributing causes for the decline of Roman character. Its apparent necessity and its dangers still constitute a leading problem for society, in the Twentieth Century.

Great chapters in the history of social service were written by the religious orders and lay confraternities of the Middle Ages and later, with such outstanding leaders, distinguished both in point of time and method, as St. Francis of Assisi and St. Vincent de Paul. Into this tradition must be written also the permanent contributions of institutional development through hospitals, orphanages, and asylums of various types, principally under the inspiration and support of the Church.

TO DISMISS these works of charity as concerned merely with the alleviation of distress would, of course ignore the facts. Institutional aid, particularly where economic distress is not the primary concern, aims, wherever possible, at the preparation or rehabilitation of the individual for society. This has been an underlying principle in the work of hospitalization, in the rescue of foundlings, the establishment of orphanages, and

similar projects in the Middle Ages quite as much as in modern times. The benefit provisions of the medieval guilds, ranging from the protection of apprentices, the care of disabled members and provisions for the unemployed, are ample evidence of this. The rescue and ransom of slaves or prisoners constituted another chapter in medieval social service with emphasis on rehabilitation.

NEVERTHELESS, it is undeniable that a great deal of social service, in the present as in the past, has concerned itself chiefly, and often rested content, with the immediate relief of poverty, to such an extent that the very word "charity" has come to mean mere almsgiving. The admirable institution of the Christmas basket and similar forms of occasional relief have demonstrated the benevolence of humanity, but by themselves they have not effected any real change in the status quo of the impoverished. Indeed, this form of appeasement, with an odious distinction between the "worthy" and the "unworthy," as written into English poor laws of the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries, often did as much harm as good.

In contrast with this limited point of view, modern social service aims at the *adjustment* of the individual to the extent of enabling him to take care of himself and square with his social requirements. Its field of action is largely opened up by the fact of economic distress, but this by no means confines its usefulness. The problems of crime, domestic peace, decent living conditions and wholesome recreation also enter into its program as part of the scene of the underprivileged and maladjusted. From the problems of personal adjustment and temporary relief, it passes on to a study of social remedies in their deeper aspects, not neglecting even the matter of necessary legislation. Modern social service is therefore an intensified and organized development of the idea of Christian charity, with social work as a learned and practical profession.

As a distinctive modern movement,

organized social service represents a reaction against the philosophy of Liberalism and *laissez-faire*, as advanced by Adam Smith, Malthus, and Herbert Spencer. To this extent it is a return to medieval ideals, with stress upon social consciousness and group rights as against untrammelled personal initiative or "rugged individualism" in the economic and social orders. At the same time, it arose as a protest against the poor laws that accompanied the Industrial Revolution, with their ample distinctions between the worthy and the unworthy, their punishment of the idle and imprisonment of debtors. If Ruskin was one of the most eloquent exponents of the foul oppression of labor that accompanied much of the rapid development of industry in the Nineteenth Century, Charles Dickens must be given credit for early work along the

same lines, in unmasking the hypocrisy and injustice that lay behind the legal provisions for the poor and the "benevolence" of the bourgeoisie.

As a science, the movement probably had its roots in the development of organized statistics in Germany. By 1835, there were a number of statistical associations in England. These were followed by statistical studies on social life, which gave rise to such important contributions as Charles Booth's *Life and Labor of the People of London*, from 1889 to 1902, and the Pittsburgh Survey, made in 1909.

The rise of social work in the United States has coincided with the growth



of large cities and the multiplication of urban problems. By 1840 over thirty relief societies had been formed in New York City alone. These groups did a valuable service, but their obvious defects were indiscriminate giving, lack of co-ordinated service, and small personal contact with the beneficiaries. In 1843 the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor was set up with the thought of remedying these defects. With later reorganization along the lines of London societies, its influence rapidly spread through the country.

Co-ordination of work and experience made notable strides with the

such as William Ellery Channing and Joseph Tuckerman, provided a notable impulse to the idea of social justice and amelioration in charitable enterprises. It would be difficult to measure the full extent to which Catholic lay organizations like the St. Vincent de Paul Society, religious orders, and diocesan charities have carried on their work of authentic social service.

In the extension of the field of non-sustaining classes, from the economically to the mentally and morally distressed, the scope of modern social service has been enlarged to include case work, group work and com-

THE † SIGN

first national conference of the American Social Science Association in 1873. The necessity for trained workers shortly became manifest, but it was not until 1898 that the New York Charity Organization Society offered its first courses in social studies, in a summer school of six weeks duration. In 1903 the Chicago Institute of Social Science was established by Graham Taylor of Chicago Commons. Boston followed with a similar institution in 1904, and St. Louis and Philadelphia four years later. Today there are about thirty members of the Association of Training Schools in the country.

To a large extent, these developments have been along secular lines, but the inspiration of religious leaders and groups and the constant contributions of institutions under religious auspices must not be minimized. Outstanding Protestant leaders,

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munity organization. In this large direction of its aims, it has been defined as the "art of adjusting personal relationships and reorganizing social groups."

The basis of action for various agencies, and today the most emphasized field of the professional social worker, is that of Social Case Work. Family welfare societies, social service departments of hospitals and clinics, visiting teacher departments in schools, probation departments in courts, child-placing and protective agencies, home service sections of the American Red Cross, and travelers' aid associations are typical organizations which call for case work in investigation, advice and consultation in human problems.

Group work is frequently a corollary of case work. It is carried on through settlements, community centres, youth associations, children's clubs, and public recreational and cultural departments. Community organization, which fosters community chests, councils of social agencies, and supervisory and advisory agencies, includes within its scope social planning, and public health and health educational agencies.

AS A RESULT of the demands of the work and the specialized knowledge required, social workers have attained a professional status. Recognition of this development may be traced to the first National Conference of Charities and Correction already mentioned. Today two national associations are concerned with professional standards, the American Association of Schools of Social Work, and the American Association of Social Workers, which has a membership of about ten thousand.

Preparation for the profession calls for something more than an average educational background. The general tendency of schools of social work is to stress graduate study. Many schools require a baccalaureate degree, while others insist that, of the two years' work required, one must be spent in graduate work. The curriculum of studies covers personal, family, neighborhood, and civic relations as well as private charitable and public relief forces, and presents biological factors together with those of a psychological and economic nature.

Theoretical studies embrace family case work, child welfare, medical social work, psychiatric work, social statistics, community organization, public welfare administration, methods of investigation, immigration, social legislation, labor problems, and such social problems as decent housing. Students are given also a period

New Spires and Old

By SISTER MARY EVELYN, R.S.M.

Manhattan's pinnacles now brush the sky
At heights that dwarf the slender spires of old,
Though in the years of faith men built them high
Into the rose of dawn and sunset gold.
Their gleaming windows when the day declines
Outshine the silver stars that rule the night,
While evening in the old cathedral shrines
Wrapped all in darkness save one small red light.
And in the splendor of Manhattan's halls:
The thought of God is lost in fevered care,
While in the shadows of those ancient walls
The peaceful silence lulled the soul to prayer,
And aisle, and arch, and buttresses of stone
Were made to lift the heart to God alone.

of field work, similar to the clinical experience of internes or nurses, in offices of family welfare agencies, child guidance clinics, juvenile courts, state training schools, medical social work of hospitals, home relief bureaus, and similar agencies. In addition to these branches of training, some stress is being placed upon research as a scholastic requirement.

From a practical standpoint, however, the profession is faced with a number of obstacles. In the first place, apart from certain administrative offices, the salaries paid to social workers are generally below those of teachers. There is, moreover, a popular impression that social work is mainly that of handing out relief, which does not require the services of a university graduate. There is a feeling, too, that charity is of such a sacred nature that no one should be paid for dispensing it and that good common sense and a warm heart are all that one needs to meet any problem.

There is no doubt that skill in social work requires, besides academic training and theory, a broad personal sense of human values and consideration for spiritual factors. This is true, of course, of practically every profession that deals with persons. Nevertheless, the clergyman must have his background of theology, philosophy and ethics, besides a general cultural equipment, and the nurse who is qualified for every emergency must have her training in theory and supervised experience. There are undoubtedly many fields of social work where an untrained social worker is adequate, just as a practical nurse is

competent to serve in many cases of sickness or convalescence. At the same time, however, there is an enlarging field of social work, where the trained worker is just as important as the trained nurse in respective spheres.

At the present time, there are about ten thousand students majoring in social work in the United States, and there are approximately forty-five thousand social and welfare workers, exclusive of public health nurses and voluntary workers. The project of organizing these forces was begun in 1930 by the National Co-ordinating Committee of Social Employee Groups. In addition, the National Conference of Social Work, begun as the Conference of Charities and Correction, provides a national forum and source of influence.

The permanent results of modern social work, of course, are largely dependent upon the economic state of the community or of the country at large. Crime, domestic strife, and juvenile delinquency, quite as much as poverty, have their roots in a faulty or unjust economic system; and this must be remedied before social service can pass beyond the business of meeting immediate financial wants, and effect a lasting improvement of the individual. So far as possible, therefore, modern social case work has sought to touch the immediate social causes of difficulty, and thence to pass to larger recommendations.

These fundamental aims were first developed in connection with family and child welfare agencies. In this work the trend has been to keep the aged, the blind, feeble-minded, and

the chronically ill in their own homes, wherever possible, and in general to conserve home life. At the same time it has moved out to assist in the problems of persons confided to the care of institutions. Thus, it has gone into institutions for the mentally deranged, and, through visiting teachers, is working with children in difficulty. In the juvenile courts it functions through probation officers and psychiatric workers, co-operating with such organizations as the Big Brothers and Big Sisters. Pioneer work was done for young offenders in the establishment of juvenile courts in Cook County, Illinois. Spread throughout the country, it has practically transformed the treatment of juvenile offenders.

General methods have proceeded through the investigation of persons applying for relief, medical treatment, or family adjustment in cases of drunkenness, desertion, non-support, crime, and the like. Data has been gathered also from attendance at criminal and domestic courts and from investigation in connection with social surveys. The value of such correlated experience has shown itself in a thousand ways above and beyond the immediate treatment of the isolated cases.

INTO this work, needless to say, must go a great deal of tact and common sense as well as professional training and the will to serve. Much work has been hampered precisely because of the lack of these requirements. In many cases, the exaggeration of biological forces in human behavior has led social workers to "peg" individual cases without due examination of other important factors, while a professional officiousness on the part of agencies and workers has not infrequently led persons applying for help to resent the attitude of those appointed to make investigation and dispense relief.

Another serious handicap to effective social work has been the failure of many social workers to recognize the importance of religious and moral elements in personal and social readjustment. At the bottom of many problems there are moral considerations that must be dealt with prudently and adequately. Where these are unsuspected or ignored, a true and permanent readjustment cannot be effected. An important part of professional social work is to recognize its own limitations and to co-operate with religious, as well as medical advisers, where the case warrants.

Social workers, moreover, are not immune from basing their procedure on false moral and social standards, with devastating effects. An example of this can be seen in the co-ordination of various social welfare agencies with birth control clinics. Persons applying for financial aid or domestic assistance frequently find themselves directed to the use of contraceptives by agencies claiming to handle the problems on a constructive and morally sound basis.

One of the most effective remedies for this state of affairs, where it exists, is the development of true standards through education. The professional social worker of today exercises an enormous social influence, which in turn is largely colored by the views of life and personality he or she has received during the course of professional training. Hence the necessity of emphasizing Catholic and Christian contributions in the field of social work and of supporting by every legitimate means the Catholic schools of social work in existence. Catholic schools offering professional courses in this field have been given the highest recognition and should receive the earnest consideration of persons contemplating social work as a career.

The tremendously enlarged field of social service, as a result of a broadening social vision, has given rise to

another major problem, that of financing. The separate religious agencies of the Catholics, Protestants and Jews have met this to a considerable extent. Another important source of income has been the device of community chests and councils of social agencies. The first large community chest was organized at Cleveland in 1914. There were four hundred and fifty by 1935. During this time the amount collected for charitable purposes rose from \$22,000 to \$70,000,000. The community chest, like other co-ordinated planning, has notably reduced duplication and competition in appeals while vastly widening the field of contributors. In addition to these private and voluntary contributions, city, county, state, and national aid has been increased to the extent of seriously threatening a revision in the whole philosophy of charitable enterprise.

AS AN inevitable result of this expansion and of the research into social problems in connection with organized relief, social work has increased its functions to include problems of community life, ranging towards national planning and social legislation. The recommendations made by authorities in the social sciences have become of the greatest influence in shaping policies, in determining social opinion, and in formulating law—from housing to wages, and from delinquency to mothers' aid. From the findings reported by social agencies and professional workers, in co-operation with economists and philanthropic bodies, there are being drawn up the programs of social security that will govern society of tomorrow. Modern social service has advanced from the earlier stages of occasional charity and benevolence to a position of prime importance in the shaping of thought and human affairs. It is very important that it follow the right course.



BOOKS

Across the Frontiers

by PHILIP GIBBS

Sir Philip Gibbs may in a sense be called the recording angel of the World War and of the post-war years. In his twofold task of war correspondent and recorder of contemporary history in the years that have followed the war he has been unexcelled. The very quantity of his output makes it inevitable that he should at times repeat himself, but even when he is repetitious he throws some new light on the political situation or investigates some hitherto unexplored angle.

On Armistice Day, 1918, Philip Gibbs, then war correspondent in northern France, wrote from the front: "Tonight there will be no flash of gunfire in the sky. The fires of hell have been banked, and I have written my last dispatch as a war correspondent, thank God." Today, after twenty years, he is not so sure that he has written his last dispatch as a war correspondent.

Across the Frontiers is, to a great extent, a book of disillusionment. Philip Gibbs, passionate lover of peace and understanding between nations, had placed his faith in the League of Nations. In its founding he saw the beginning of a new era in which the council table would replace the field of battle. When he stood in the press gallery at Geneva and saw the German delegates enter the Assembly for the first time his faith in the League knew no bounds.

That faith, however, was faith in an ideal League which as a matter of fact never existed. The actual League never became more than an instrument to enforce the Treaty of Versailles.

The events of the past few years have beaten down that faith in the mind and heart of Sir Philip. He realizes and admits that the League as at present constituted is no longer an effective instrument for the preservation of international peace.

He does not, however, give up his faith in the ideals of the League. "Somehow or other," he writes, "the League by that name, or any other, with new rules and new methods, must be restored to general respect

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and allegiance. By some means of persuasion and reconciliation one great nation—Germany—must be induced to join this newly reconstructed Society of Nations. Without Germany there can be no league. Without a league there can be no advance to international co-operation—at least that is very doubtful. Is it beyond all hopes that Germany under Hitler may be willing to co-operate in the rebuilding of law based upon the principles of justice, equity and common sense? I have not quite given up that hope."

In *Across the Frontiers*, the reader will find an objective and interesting picture of the present European scene in the light of recent events. Although the predominant note is one of disillusionment, there are many rays of hope. The author recognizes Communism for what it is—the great enemy of our western civilization. He recognizes the brutalities and deformities of Fascism and Nazism, but is fair enough to see that in these systems all is not evil. In fact, he admits that there are many things the democracies have to learn from them.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., N. Y. \$5.00

Francisco Franco

by JOAQUIN ARRARAS

Translated by J. Manuel Espinosa

This book is truly what the publishers describe it to be. "It is the story of Franco from his birth to his present important position in the tragic drama of European history." Yet, because throughout this whole tragic drama Franco played a distinguished rôle in all its phases, the book is something more than a mere biography. It is the story, authoritatively, objectively, brilliantly told of one of the most critical periods in Spanish history—the period from the Moroccan revolution (the rising of the native chieftains against Spain) through all its

various stages on to the development and culmination of the Communist revolution.

The reader will be most interested, naturally, in that part of Franco's career which began with the establishment of the republic. This part of the book is exceedingly well done. It is a calm record, based on authenticated facts; and the facts are documented from sources that cannot be called in question—from official parliamentary records, from government decrees, from the press organs of the subversive parties, from the writings and speeches of their leaders. In this respect the book is, in the opinion of this reviewer, the best that has been published in English.

A careful perusal of this book will show the baselessness of the lying propaganda carried on in this country in favor of the "democratic and legitimate government, duly elected and constituted." The record shows clearly that the forces which combined in 1935, in the policy of the Popular Front, to seize power "by legal means if we can, by violence if we must" never believed in democratic rule. For the first biennium Azaña allied with the Socialists to the exclusion of the largest Republican party in the Cortes—that of Lerroux. Azaña, obsessed by a hatred of Christianity, thought he could thus destroy the Catholic Church in Spain without making Spain a Marxist State. "Spain," he said in the Cortes, "has ceased to be Catholic, and must be governed accordingly."

The Socialists, on the other hand, believed they could by this alliance advance their own program in the meantime. The elections of 1933 upset both hopes, and "democracy" was no longer of any value. The Socialists lost just half their seats in the Cortes and the "authentic Republicans" were practically wiped out. Did any of them accept "the will of the people," which they had claimed for their policy while in power—the decisive result of the ballot box? Not one party among them. They refused to enter parliament. They would not recognize the government. "The Republic is in the hands of its enemies," they said, although the elections had been held under the premiership of Martínez

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Barrios, Grand Master of Spanish Masonry, and since February, 1936, Speaker of the Loyalist Cortes; and the new Government was composed exclusively of members of the Republican Party.

The situation thus created made it necessary to throw off the mask of "democracy" and the "will of the people." The Left Wing Republicans saw in the result of the elections that they could never return to power by peaceful, constitutional means. The Socialists saw that their policy for preparing the way for the ultimate revolution would no longer work. The Communists, Syndicalists and Anarchists retorted "we told you so." This was just the situation the Russian Government and the Comintern had been waiting for—and the opportunity for their own program was grasped immediately. Russia had its agents in Spain before this and its Spanish pupils in Moscow to learn how to carry out the real revolution.

These Russians were now able to say "We told you so. You do not understand how to make a real revolution. You Spanish Communists cannot succeed depending on your own party alone. We advised you to form a United Front of all workers' parties, including your past enemies, the Socialists. But not even so can you succeed immediately. We now advise the Popular Front. Join up with all anti-Fascists. Get your Republican allies into power, but let it be clearly understood that you will take no part in the government until you have prepared the way to seize power yourselves. You have the Russian model of a successful revolution. You know now that there can be no successful revolution without bloodshed, terror and intimidation. Frighten the people with terror before the attack." (Trotsky and Lenin had given the same advice repeatedly).

How this advice was carried out to the letter is shown authoritatively in this book. The terror began with the strikes and assassinations of 1934. Followed the rebellion of October in Asturias, where they proclaimed a Soviet Republic and destroyed half of the city of Oviedo. But that was premature. "When are you going to stop those baby revolutions?" asked Dmitroff of a Spanish Communist in London. (Reported in *El Socialista* of Madrid).

The preparations for a man's revolution began in October, 1935, strictly according to program. By the same program the elections were carried out in February, 1936. By the same program the Republican Government was used. By April they believed the time had come. The terror had cre-

ated the designed conditions for the attack to overthrow the sham government and set up "a Union of Soviets for the whole Iberian Peninsula." So in April they sent out their instructions to every town in Spain to be ready when the appointed day was to be flashed from the Radio of Madrid. In May, accordingly, the army chiefs, seeing that force must be met by force, that there was no other means of saving Spain, Christian civilization and the very existence of the Catholic Church in Spain, decided on the revolt, not against a government, for there was none, but against the progressive anarchy of seven months which had now reached its climax.

All this, thoroughly and authentically documented, will be found in this book, as also the reasons why Francisco Franco was chosen to lead the movement which has saved Spain, for of course the Reds themselves know they have lost the war.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.50.

Scoop

by EVELYN WAUGH

Evelyn Waugh performed as war correspondent in Abyssinia. This experience furnishes locale and atmosphere for his latest novel *Scoop*. *Scoop* is a slightly amusing spasm of cynicism treating the tricks and the deceptions of correspondents and the propagandizing newspaper which is more interested in the easy creation of fancied truth than in the more difficult discovery of the authentic truth which might not serve a policy. But then perhaps we should be as one of the yahoos who is educated by his newspaper and resign ourselves to the belief that newspapers simply can't be incorrect, dishonest or fallible.

Scoop reveals what an idiotic, dishonest business is much of this foreign corresponding. If there be no startling news, invent some. The circulation of a newspaper is more vital than the circulation of truth. Silver in the purse is more important than an idea or an ideal in the head. An idiot who can tell a tall story is better than a keenly observing critic who honors the laws of truth. Religion is not the opiate which makes dopes out of people. It is the newspaper which provides the "twilight sleep" and makes dopes out of the mobs. On a dull day even a camera man might be seen staging a bit of interesting photography, counterfeiting truth.

Scoop reveals quite clearly that it might be that venturesome foreign correspondents keep out of bread lines

by serving the policy of newspaper or nation; that there is much poison in the springs of the world news. The revelation is a needed one.

Little Brown & Co., N. Y. \$2.50.

Images in a Mirror

by SIGRID UNDSET

Another of Sigrid Undset's books has been translated for our enjoyment. As always, the author is concerned with the elemental, vital affairs of people. The characters in this novel are no more sensational than the countless personalities who dwell unnoticed in the side-streets of any city. The author does not build any sham distinctions about them. She discovers their most authentic claim to distinction by unmasking their personalities.

Every human being is a microcosm—a small, self-filled world, holding impenetrable secrets. Past the incommunicable barriers of our souls we admit only whom we will. And even when we would, we too often find it impossible to open ourselves to the full understanding of our intimates. Hence, what a venture is the joining of husband and wife.

Sigrid Undset's brilliant mind searches out the reasons for a young wife's discontent. She writes clearly, directly. Her pen is like a surgeon's scalpel drawn, so to speak, across the souls of her characters, laying back to her readers' eyes the tissues of moods and convictions, of impulse and determination. There is power and frankness in her analysis, but tenderness and delicacy withal.

She puts so well a universal experience that it may be permissible to take it out of its context as a partial illustration of what has been said above: "One human being cannot help being ignorant of the other's dreams and longings. And that was all she had to complain of—that he had sat still, not knowing when she was dreaming and longing for what she did not know herself. Just as he had been longing and dreaming—and suffering—and she had not known. All the pain they had caused each other came to this—they had not known."

It might be inferred from this quotation that the book is morbid, or at least over-tinged with melancholy. It is neither of these. It is colorful in Mrs. Undset's own way: polychromed with nature's hues—the blues and grays of the skys and the flash of sun on water; it is redolent of moss and heather. It is brightened by "little Lasse . . . sitting . . . on the floor under the coffee table, tele-

phoning for a doctor with an empty pool." *Images in a Mirror* is not a frivolous book. It is thoughtful and good. Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y. \$2.00

Towns and People of Modern Poland

by ROBERT MEDILL MCBRIDE

The author issues another vividly interesting book of travel—and more. This book gives an astounding realization of the re-established Polish State in the rôle of builder. The resolute and energy of the Polish people, as manifested in the remarkable development and progress of cities and towns within the past twenty years, is tremendously impressive. Poland's far-sighted organizing is making her a State that will have to be reckoned with as a great power.

Mr. McBride familiarizes his readers with many of the simple manners and customs of a people bound chiefly to the fields and to the church. He gives delightful descriptions of Poland's holy shrines and tells particularly of a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa.

Those who would know Poland's past glamorous history, her behavior under foreign domination, her victory over the Bolsheviks in 1920; of her heroes, Casimir the Great, John Sobieski, and Marshal Pilsudski, and the association of such names with Poland's interesting cities of Cracow, Warsaw, and Wilno, will be taught much of history that had been written in blood.

The reading of *Towns and People of Modern Poland* is a delightful experience.

Robert M. McBride Co., N. Y. \$3.00.

Crags

by CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

Mr. Laube is well known as one of the most outstanding Catholic poets in the United States. In *Crags* he has issued a private printing of eighty-one of his verses, illustrating it with two of his own drawings, and printing and binding the book himself. The result is a neat little volume, somewhat Wordsworthian in tone, since the author is a native of Colorado and much of his work is reminiscent of Nature and the beauty of the great outdoors. In his lyrics, generally the four line stanza type, he shows an intense and impassioned love of wild landscape—of mountains, water falls, flowers, birds, trees and rain.

But beside the nature poems and,

indeed, underlying many of these, an intense spiritual conviction makes itself felt in a number of brief and potent religious verses. One of the best of these is *Ave, Vita Nostra*, wherein the poet speaks of problems that have assaulted Christianity through the ages and still lift their menacing heads:

"Dark intellects, like Lucifer's,
low-fallen in their pride,
Have dimmed the philosophic
lamp in Learning's ancient
seats;
Despoiled of grace, a godless
race thrusts purity aside,
Slaying the lily in its bulb, the
heart before it beats.

*Mother of Christ's integrity,
Amid this blight our sweetness be."*

As an executive officer of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, Clifford J. Laube is known today to hundreds of Catholic verse-makers throughout the country. The poems in *Crags*, originally printed in more than sixty-six different periodicals, should bring him still more friends and admirers.

The Monastine Press, 107-06 103rd Avenue, Richmond Hill, Long Island.

The Conflict Between Ethics and Sociology

by RT. REV. SIMON DEPLOIGE

Translated by Rev. Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C.

Fr. Charles Miltner, C.S.C., of the University of Notre Dame, has rendered the English reading world a real service by his splendid translation of *The Conflict Between Ethics and Sociology* by the Rt. Rev. Simon Deploige, president of the Superior Institute of Philosophy, Louvain.

The author's main thesis demonstrates that sociology, far from being a foe of ethics, is its ally. With definiteness and simplicity of statement and proof he reduces to absurdity the challenge of the so-called new sociology against traditional ethical teaching. At the very beginning of his book Fr. Deploige sets down the thesis against which he inveighs with bristling, solid argumentation. Declares Lévy-Bruhl, professor of the history of philosophy at the University of Paris: "A large number of philosophers are attracted to sociology and accept its essential position; but they continue teaching theoretical ethics according to traditional methods. They seem unaware that they must make a choice between the two." This statement coming from one of the most eminent leaders of

the new sociological movement sums up the creed of the modern sociological "science", says Fr. Deploige.

In brief Fr. Deploige's contention is as follows. Present sociology is wholly wrong in trying to emancipate itself from ethics; it is wholly wrong in striving to set itself up as a "science" totally distinct from ethics. If by sociology is meant a philosophical treatment of society it must necessarily be a division of ethics; for the inquiry into the nature of society in general, into the origin, nature, object, and purposes of natural societies (the family and the state) and their relations to one another forms an essential part of ethics. If sociology be regarded as the aggregate of the sciences which have reference to the social life of man, it is not a single science but a complex of sciences; and among these, so far as the natural order is concerned, ethics has the first claim. Fr. Deploige neither fears sociology, nor does he despise it. Rather does he welcome the findings of modern sociology, but would apply them with fitting discernment, a discernment based on solid ethical law. The author ends his timely volume with these succinct words: "Only ignorance can pretend that there is a con-

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flirt between ethics and sociology." The book is recommended by the reviewer with all possible earnestness. It is written with an air of simplicity that makes it equally appealing to the intellectual and to the person of the simplest education. It is a book of no little importance.

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$3.00.

The Future of Freedom

by **DOUGLAS JERROLD**

Sixteen chapters of Jerroldian philosophizing compose the contents of the latest publication of the playwright, novelist and academic, Douglas Jerrold. The sub-title "Notes on Christianity and Politics" gives a satisfactory idea of what the author thinks about his newest child of print. Its author professes that he hopes his notes will be of service to those who are disillusioned "as to the validity of the ideas of 1789 and who desire to see not only a restoration of authority where authority is necessary, but a rebirth of freedom in those spheres of activity where men must be free if they are to be worthy citizens either of this world or the next."

Those searching for a good book to read may appreciate the information that the author has declared his opinions on the nature of European Civilization, Christianity and the new history, the case for revolution and secularism. He devotes a chapter to Christianity, Democracy and Dic-

tatorship. Other chapters cover Christianity in relation to Riches and Poverty, Leisure State, Fascism, Peace and War, League of Nations, Contemporary Europe.

Read the chapter, "A Postscript on the United States" and you will smile at some of the impressions this friendly Englishman has concerning us and our problems. Who of us, however, will swallow some of the tidbits of this portion of the book? For example:—"New England is more English than we are ourselves." "It looks as though Mr. Lewis' labor organization is likely to be the dominating force in American politics for the next few years. If so we shall see an attempt to set up in the United States a semi-socialized bureaucracy, in which the sweets of office and financial rewards are neatly divided between the political classes, the bureaucrats and the bankers."

Taken as a whole, this book is worth reading. It is quite likely that every reader will profit by some parts of the book at least. In the last chapter entitled "Some Conclusions" you will find, besides the platitudinous, clear thinking, good thinking and well-expressed thinking.

Sheed and Ward, N. Y. \$2.50

**Blood and Steel—The Rise
of the House of Krupp**

by **BERNHARD MENNE**

There was a time when the manufacturers of instruments of war were able to surround their activities with an intriguing air of daring and adventure. Public investigation of the munitions makers in recent years, however, has left the American people with few illusions with regard to these merchants of death. Most people have come to realize that manufacturers of munitions are always and above all else simply manufacturers and sellers of munitions. That is their one supreme work and purpose. Humane and patriotic sentiments are admitted only as long as they do not interfere with this main ambition of the war lords.

Bernhard Menne, a former employee of the world-famous Krupps of Germany, shows how completely these "cannon kings" lived up to the common standards of munition makers. He traces the history of this old family, showing the difficulties it encountered and the methods by which it surmounted them. He shows them arming nations against each other, and emerging as the sole victors in the bloody struggles of war. He describes how the World War enabled the "patriotic" Krupp works to net a

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profit of approximately eight hundred million marks from its sale of war materials to the German government; and when the war was over, this same firm promptly tried to collect royalties from an English company for the use of patents on the shells which had helped to defeat Germany. At present, the Krupps are closely allied to the policies and ambitions of Hitler, and his fate may be their fate. With him, they may rise to new conquests; with him, they may experience bitter defeat.

Lee Furman, Inc., N. Y. \$3.00.

**The Golden Book of
Eastern Saints**

by **DONALD ATTWATER**

Addicts of Catholic publications are familiar with what Donald Attwater has been doing for the diffusion of information which should interest the Catholic mind. His previous output in matters pertaining to the Oriental branch of the Church has been well received.

Cloistral dwellers and the more pious visitors of Catholic churches are probably familiar with the blog-

raphy of Saints Basil, Gregory, Athanasius and a few others; yet such readers will be glad to read the Attwater version of how these holy people passed their time on earth. The bulk of the book is most likely an unexplored field in hagiography to the generality of readers. More than twenty sketches of holy people of the Eastern Church are given; these chosen ones whom the moderns can meet in this new book were selected not merely from ancient times but throughout the history of the Catholic Church in the East.

This entertaining and instructive little work can well be added to cloistral libraries. It should prove one of those refectory books that the monks will come early and stay late to hear read.

Druce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. \$2.25

Catholicism, Communism and Dictatorship

by C. J. EUSTACE

Mr. Eustace provides "a bird's-eye sketch of the problems of human solidarity as viewed by Catholics." It is a study of the social systems which

bulk so large in the world today—Fascism, Nazism and Communism, all of them forms of totalitarianism. These systems, and all others, whether "democratic" or not, which are predicated on the secular ideal and divorced from the Christian concept of society, provide plenty of trouble for Catholics who are in earnest about living the kind of life which Christ proposed.

Why and in what manner these forms of totalitarianism (what a word! there is urgent need for a better) work against the Christian order are eloquently brought out in this book. Mr. Eustace is a convinced Catholic who takes the wide view of temporal events, as they operate in the sociological and political fields. It is only in such a view that one can get his bearings and judge intelligently. He writes with a distinct moral fervor which reveals the ardent Christian, but his fervor must not be considered in any way prejudicial to his philosophical diagnosis of the systems studied.

Benziger Bros., N. Y. \$1.50.

Literature—The Leading Educator

by FRANCIS J. DONNELLY, S.J.

Wisdom, in thought and action, comes only to the man who has learned from the ideas and the experiences of the past. Where other men have found truth, he also can find it; where they have glimpsed beauty, he also may glimpse it; where they have discovered success, he also may discover it. And since it is literature which reveals to us the actions and ideas of the great men of the past, literature should always have a great part in any truly sound education.

Father Donnelly has, therefore, chosen a worthy thesis in his presentation of Literature as the leading educator. He supports his thesis with many ideas which are not merely interesting, but are of really practical worth. Unfortunately, however, he does not confine himself to this thesis, nor does he give it the complete development of which it is capable. Instead, he digresses from the subject of his book, and includes a group of papers and addresses which were written for widely varying occasions. As a result, he leads the reader through a maze of scarcely related subjects from which he emerges lacking that unity and clarity of thought which are so essential. A well-made revision of this book might make it very useful and acceptable to educators of every grade and rank.

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Faithful Stranger and Other Stories

by SHEILA KAYE SMITH

Here we have a collection of short stories described by the gifted pen and the alert imagination of Sheila Kaye Smith. The tales have their setting in the Sussex countryside and their themes feature the oddities of a strangely versatile human nature.

In the opening story, "Faithful Stranger," Charles Deans, an amnesia victim, revives to play with startling accuracy the part of Simon Dexter who has deserted his wife in the interests of a more youthful distraction. The wife of Simon Dexter helps the cruelty of his disillusionment. "Strong Medicine" is stark realism. The wife who disposes of the innamorata of her husband tests her own medicine. The test is effective even to a point of death inclusively. "Palehouse" features the technique of the submissive woman whose career is a tissue of personal sacrifice in the interests of her husband with many reservations. In "In Praise of Obscurity" the favorite with this reviewer, the tale tells of an author of some eminence who resigns the quest of literary glory to pursue in the rôle of a humble shopkeeper the essential pleasures of the simplicities of life.

These tales and many others are presented in Sheila Kaye Smith's recent volume of short stories. And it

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must be admitted that their reading is immensely interesting. And were it not that the tragic is emphasized so prominently there could be unqualified praise of *Faithful Stranger* and *Other Stories* which nonetheless remain intensely interesting reading.

Harper & Bros., N. Y. \$2.50.

The Bird Below The Waves

by BENJAMIN FRANCIS MUSSER

A spiritual aeneid of thirty years is commemorated in this volume, gleaned from 12 books and 300 periodicals by the author, the C.P.S. academician. There are close to 600 poems ("good, bad and indifferent," the author admits) which describe "a soul's pilgrimage from impenitence and skepticism up through sanctifying grace to the very ladder of light and the unitive way." Many of these verses have documentary rather than poetic significance.

Mr. Musser's faults are the faults of most over-secund poets. He is a stranger to the file. A rhyme-ridden romanticism predominates. He has been content to block out his patterns and cram his concepts within the lines. The cliché and the outré rub shoulders without recognition. If a phrase does flash out strikingly, it is too often irrelevant and unintegrated with the poem as a whole.

There are, nevertheless, fine things hidden in these pages, residual for the researcher—and make no mistake, they are worth discovering. Memorable are the strange, defiant "Black Mass (Kyrielle)" with the unwilling refrain "Miserere, Lord of the Lost," the poems to Our Lady where he sits "still at her feet, a happy rhyming fool," the fine elegiac sonnets to the memory of that fine poet, Ernest Hartsock

"You will not age nor die! For you shall live
With Chatterton and Keats forever young,"

the subtle slant rhyming of "Neo-Babylon at Night"

"Where, in the blue of all this field above you,

Are sorry stars like those of city gleam?

Where in the sunset is your ruddy shame?

Where in the moon-path that the heavens gave you

Is there a false-white snake across a city

Oblivious to mercy and to beauty?"

Most memorable is the tiring of "thinly brittle tunes on brittle themes," the "End of Singing" in "that center where begin all songs, all words, within the Word."

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We welcome Benjamin Musser's testament of beauty. He has willed this to be his last book of verse. His failures will be forgotten. His achievements stand. *Ave Atque Vale!*

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The Eastern Branches of the Catholic Church

A SYMPOSIUM

The present volume contains studies on the Eastern Catholic Churches, which appeared in *Liturgical Arts* in 1935, and which were considered of such value as to merit re-printing in book form. They are as follows: The Eastern Branches of the Tree of Life, by Francis J. McGarrigle, S. J.; A New Branch of the Tree of Life—The Syro-Malankara Church, by the Most Rev. Mar Ivanios; The Ethiopic Church, by His Eminence Eugene Cardinal Tisserant; The Code of Canon Law and the Catholics of the Eastern Rite, by Joseph M. O'Hara; Liturgy and Asceticism in the Eastern Church, by John LaFarge, S. J.; The Spiritual and Aesthetic Value of Icons, by Ildefonse Dirks, O. S. B.

There is a great deal of ignorance among Catholics of the Latin Rite concerning the history, the religious customs and manner of worship of Catholics of other rites. These studies will help to enlighten English-speaking Catholics of the Latin Rite about their brothers in the Faith who belong to Catholic Eastern Rites; and also inspire the former to show a greater understanding and sympathy with those who worship God in a manner accidentally different from their own.

A notable Bibliography with annotations is added. Those who wish to pursue the study of Eastern Churches will be greatly aided by it. Donald Attwater contributes the Introduction to this book.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Historical Records and Studies, Vol. XXVIII

This edition of the *Records and Studies* comprises five papers. The longest and most specialized are "American Prelates in the Vatican Council" by Raymond J. Clancy, C. S. C. and "Oliver Pollock, Catholic Patriot and Financier of the American Revolution" by William F. Mulaney, O. M. I. Of the three shorter articles two are by Thomas F. Meahan on "Catholic Action" and "Early Catholic Weeklies" respectively. The last, in the form of a memoir, is

James Kerrigan, Merchant" by Sara Murphy.

Since space is limited we shall confine ourselves to Father Clancy's paper as being the most pertinent, considering the trend of the times.

The Vatican Council opened on December 8, 1869 and was abruptly suspended in the fall of 1870 through the Franco-Prussian War. The object of the Council was to re-formulate and defend the fundamental principles of Christianity against the materialistic onslaught of the age. Much was accomplished within the short space of six months. When the Papal States were invaded, the Venerable Council dispersed and the Pope was made a virtual prisoner in the Vatican.

Though it would be presumptuous to attempt to read the mind of the Church with regard to the still-suspended Council, the opinion gains ground that the work left unfinished by the Council has been completed by the remarkable Encyclical Letters of succeeding Popes, notably those of Pope Leo XIII and of the present reigning Pontiff.

The acts of the Council in session were the drawing up of two important definitions in matters of faith and the discussion of various decrees in the domain of discipline and morals.

The first of the definitions had to do with the Church itself; the second dealt with the primacy and infallibility of the Roman Pontiff and with the temporal dominion of the Holy See. The twenty-eight disciplinary canons took under consideration widely divergent topics.

The thing which should make this paper an interesting one for American Catholics is to see how great was the influence of the American Hierarchy, a mere infant in comparison with the age-old hierarchies of other countries, upon the activities of the Council. Just to cite one instance. Nearly everything which Bishop Whelan of Wheeling, West Virginia, suggested with regard to the infallibility of the Pope found expression in the form in which the doctrine was finally approved and defined. That observation alone ought to whet the appetite of any lover of the Church in America for a full perusal of this paper.

The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York, N. Y.

The Fine Gold of the Old Testament

by REV. I. J. SEMPER

The sub-title of this latest literary venture of Father Semper—"A Book of Readings from the Douay Bible"—is at once a just appraisal and a defense of the material of this book. It is a book that ought to delight the mind and heart of every true bible lover, especially one who reads the Scriptures with an eye not only to spiritual but to literary food. It contains a wealth of fine gold garnered from some of the richest strata of Divine Revelation. Every one of the Didactic (Poetical, Sapiential) and Prophetical Books of the Old Testament is represented in a volume designed for either students of English Literature or of religion.

Since the content matter of the book is beyond endorsement, its chief attractive feature is the exceptionally fine format of the readings. The lyrical poetry is written in verse, the prose is cast into paragraphs, and the book of Job is given a dramatic setting. The text, moreover, has been revised for clarity in many places and modernized with regard to spelling, punctuation and grammatical construction. The volume is supplemented with notes, and the readings from each book are prefaced by a helpful exposition of its nature and contents.

The art of selection knows no absolute and is ever cursed with a relative incompleteness. That is why the author's work is not proffered as a substitute for the Douay Old Testament. Nor is the title of the book meant to give the biblical explorer the impression that it contains all the fine gold of the Old Testament.

Nevertheless, Father Semper's work is uniquely a contribution to the cause of advertising the literary and spiritual richness of the bible among the laity. He has in so doing given us not only refreshing water but healing water. All will find genuine pleasure in romping at leisure through these delightfully written and inspired song-bowers.

Columbia College Press, Dubuque, Ia. \$1.00.

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THE INDEX

of the 17th volume of THE SIGN—August, 1937 to July, 1938—is now available at ten cents per copy.

This detailed index lists all the books reviewed in THE SIGN during that year.

Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ

YOUR CRUCIFIX

A CRUCIFIX is a cross bearing the image of Christ Crucified. It is the oldest and best known sacred image sanctioned by the Church.

The Crucifix has always been revered by devout Christians because it is a constant reminder of Him "Who hath loved us and hath delivered Himself for us an oblation and a sacrifice to God." In former times, Christians were most eager to possess a large, beautiful, hand-carved Crucifix, a real work of art. It was set up in an honorable place in the home, and the daily prayers were recited before it. But where is the love and veneration for the Crucifix to-day? Where, and what kind of Crucifixes do we see? Unbelievers and Jews turn out crucifixes by the hundreds of thousands just as they manufacture idols for China or India, or the statue of Venus for the drawing-room. This pagan image, however, bears some impress of art, and a certain care in execution, but for the Crucifix—often the most disgraceful representation is good enough! We see Crucifixes of rudely embossed tin, or of cast metal, so poor and unrecognizable, as to make any Christian heart revolt. The features are scarcely discernible. Perhaps a phosphorus substance covers the tin which simply does not permit a better execution. And yet there are Catholics who pride themselves in possessing such an Image. In the eyes of the true lover of Jesus Crucified, it is sheer mockery.

We know it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to secure a devotion-inspiring Crucifix, even at great expense. Yet, every Christian should have a beautiful Crucifix which he may venerate with gratitude and love—a Crucifix, that is befitting the awful reality of the Sacred Passion, and the sublime dignity of the Person of Christ.

We ask every reader of *THE SIGN*, but especially every member of the Archconfraternity of the Passion, to take these few words to heart.

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No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page,

shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of *THE SIGN*, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY WORKS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

Masses Said.....	106
Masses Heard.....	30,943
Holy Communions.....	14,496
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	31,222
Spiritual Communions.....	50,274
Benediction Services.....	11,795
Sacrifices, Offerings.....	35,269
Stations of the Cross.....	11,421
Visits to the Crucifix.....	21,495
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	5,379
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	107,559
Visits to Our Lady.....	22,081
Rosaries.....	21,548
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	7,457
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	1,153,743
Hours of Study, Reading.....	12,838
Hours of Labor.....	48,934
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	17,200
Acts of Zeal.....	48,494
Prayers, Devotions.....	336,978
Hours of Silence.....	19,570
Various Works.....	46,029
Holy Hours.....	36

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccles. 7:37)

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.

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